April 19, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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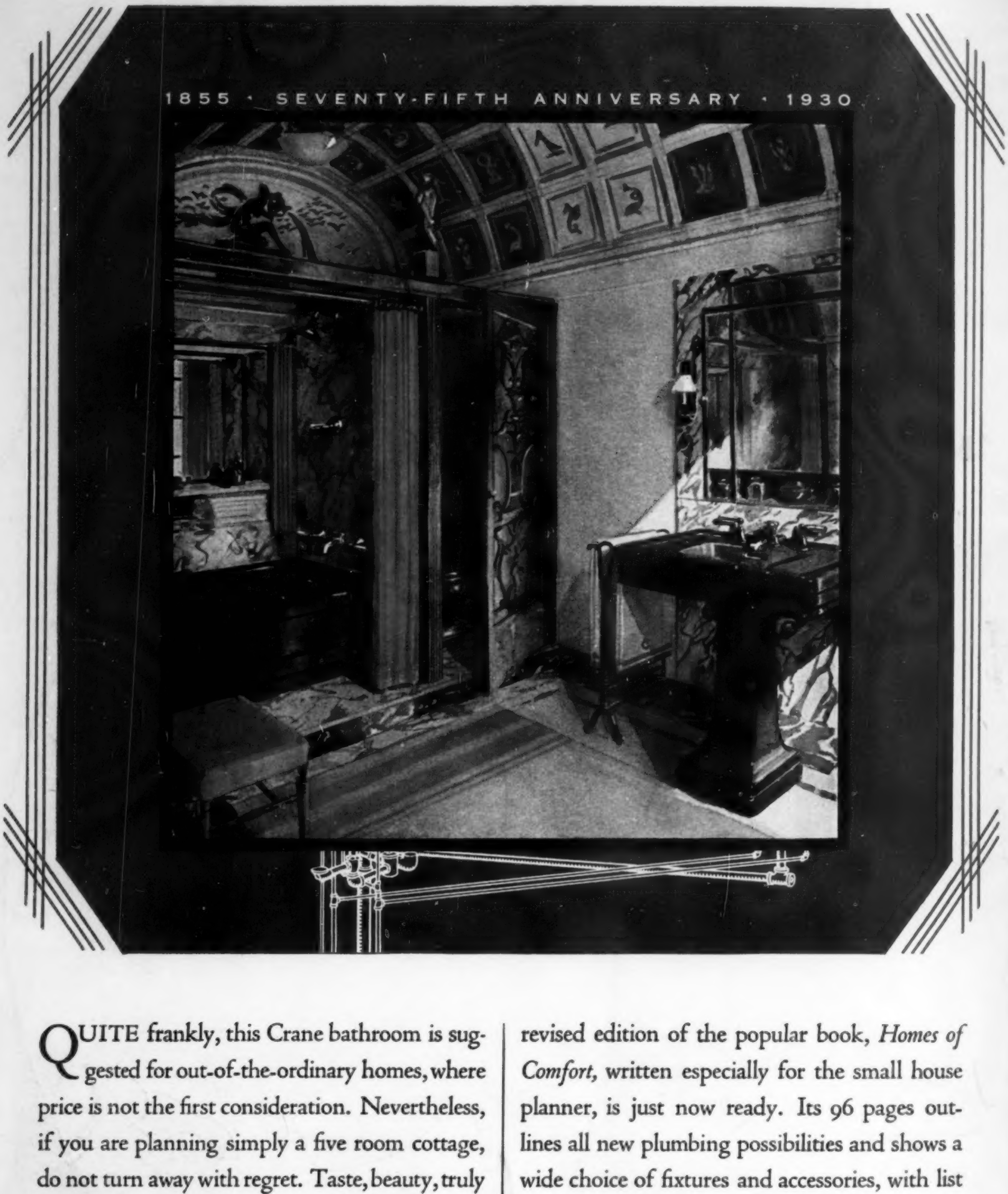

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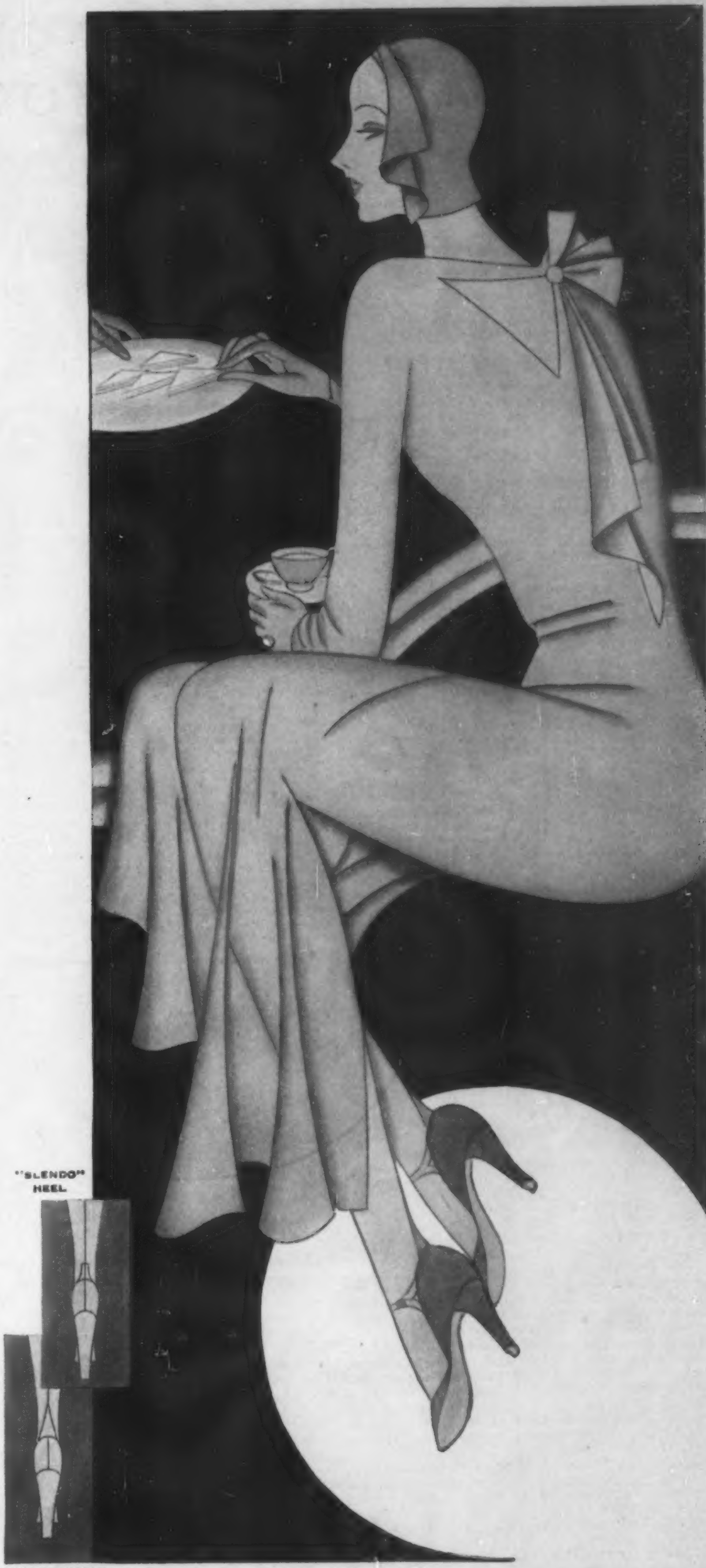

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26]

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Midweek matinées will be given on the days specified below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Apple Cart—Customary three-hour lecture by Bernard Shaw, with an intermission out for a little fun. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

Apron Strings—A young marriage which was almost upset by a posthumously managing mother. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. Mon., Wed., and Thurs.)

Berkeley Square—The London of George III through the eyes of a modern young man who plays ghost. With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Tues. and Thurs.)

Bird in Hand—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, now in its second season. (49th Street, 49, W. Mats. Mon., Wed., and Fri.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Eva Le Gallienne and her company resume their season after a brief tour—"Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne, Donald Cameron, and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Mon. Eve., Apr. 21, première; Wed. and Fri. Eves., Apr. 23 and 25.) . . . "The Cradle Song," Sierra's tender little play. (Tues. Eve., Apr. 22.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Thurs. and Sat. Mats., Apr. 24 and 26.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoian drama, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Thurs. Eve., Apr. 24.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," pleasant comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 26.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Death Takes a Holiday—Philip Merivale as Death, who spends a weekend in mufti among people who don't know who he is. Effective without being very important. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Mats. Mon. and Wed.)

Dishonored Lady—A fast-moving progress from random love-making to murdering, with Katharine Cornell lending high distinction to what might otherwise be just a good melodrama. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

The First Mrs. Fraser—Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mat. Wed.)

The Green Pastures—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Mon., Wed., and Fri.)

It's a Wise Child—Sparkling and popular comedy of small-town life. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Journey's End—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

June Moon—The kind of comedy you would expect from Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, which is to say one of the best on the market. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

The Last Mile—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jailbreak and the causes leading up to it. (Harris, 42, W. Mat. Wed.)

Michael and Mary—A highly satisfactory blending of A. A. Milne's more mature moods, involving a couple who might much better have told the truth to the police. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

A Month in the Country—Unexciting but nice Russian comedy, with Nazimova and a good Guild cast dressed in 1840 garb. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

The Old Rascal—You won't believe it until you see it, but William Hodge here appears as an old reprobate who gives his wife so much divorce evidence that she finally decides to reform herself. (Bijou, 45, W. Mat. Wed.)

Rebound—Hope Williams as a young lady whom men don't take seriously. Donald Ogden Stewart wrote it, which means that you will not only laugh, but perhaps cry a little. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Street Scene—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and successful play by Elmer Rice. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

Strictly Dishonorable—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. The best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Subway Express—Murder in the subway. Ingenious, and fun to watch. (Republic, 42, W. Mat. Wed.)

Topaze—Frank Morgan vastly aiding a translation from the French about a school teacher who overcomes an inferiority complex. (Music Box, 45, W. Mats. Mon. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

Earl Carroll Sketch Book—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Fifty Million Frenchmen—Raw but riotous adventures of our countrymen in Paris, with Cole Porter's score and a cast headed by William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W. Mat. Wed.)

Flying High—That Bert Lahr is a card. (Apollo, 42, W. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Lew Leslie's International Revue—A great, big, expensive collection of acts, some good, some terrible, featuring such stars as Gertrude Lawrence, Harry Richman, Moss and Fontana, Jack Pearl, and some good dancing girls. (Majestic, 44, W. Mat. Wed.)

Simple Simon—Ed Wynn doing the magical trick of turning thin comedy into an evening of delight. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

Sons o' Guns—The war in musical comedy and without offence. In fact, with a great deal of delight, especially through Jack Donahue. (Imperial, 45, W. Mat. Wed.)

Strike Up the Band—A musical comedy which is, believe it or not, genuinely satirical, with Bobby Clark at the top of his stride, Blanche Ring, Paul McCullough, and an excellent Gershwin score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Wake Up and Dream—A very British revue which has no particular high spots but a very high average. Jessie Matthews, Tilly Losch, and Tina Meller are in it. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

Ruth Draper—A one-woman show that is a full evening's entertainment. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri., Sun., Tues., and Wed. Eves. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

Sir Harry Lauder—The Scotch singer and comedian, for one week, starting Mon., Apr. 21. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Eves. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed., Fri., and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Irene Bordoni and a Gus Edwards revue will be at the Palace Fri., Apr. 18. Maurice Schwartz will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Apr. 19. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

For Children—The Juvenile Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sat. Aft., Apr. 19, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.) . . . "The Golden Cock," presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co., Sat. Morn., Apr. 26, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

Romeo and Juliet—Eva Le Gallienne in Shakespeare's play, supported by Donald Cameron and Jacob Ben-Ami. Opens Mon., Apr. 21. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:30 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

Hotel Universe—The Theatre Guild's production of Philip Barry's new play, with Ruth Gordon, Katherine Alexander, Glenn Anders, and Earle Larimore. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Three Little Girls—An operetta from the German, with Martha Lorber. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

Uncle Vanya—Jed Harris' production of the Tchekov play, with Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, and Osgood Perkins. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Irene Bordoni and the dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—A gay, civilized crowd; with dances by Murphy and Johnson, and Moore and Revel. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman, in person; Smith Ballew's orchestra.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.

Broadway Atmosphere—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, with a rough but jolly revue. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, has recently

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

THE THEATRE 27
SHOUTS AND MURMURS 34
THE ART GALLERIES 36
A REPORTER AT LARGE 43
THE CURRENT CINEMA 52
THE OARSMEN 54
THE RACE TRACK 56
MUSICAL EVENTS 61
  POPULAR RECORDS 64
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  PARIS FASHIONS LETTER 66
  FEMININE FASHIONS 68
  THIS AND THAT 72
  AS TO MEN 73
PARIS LETTER 78
TEE AND GREEN 85
INDOOR POLO 89
RECENT BOOKS 92
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS 95
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS 97
OUT OF TOWN 98

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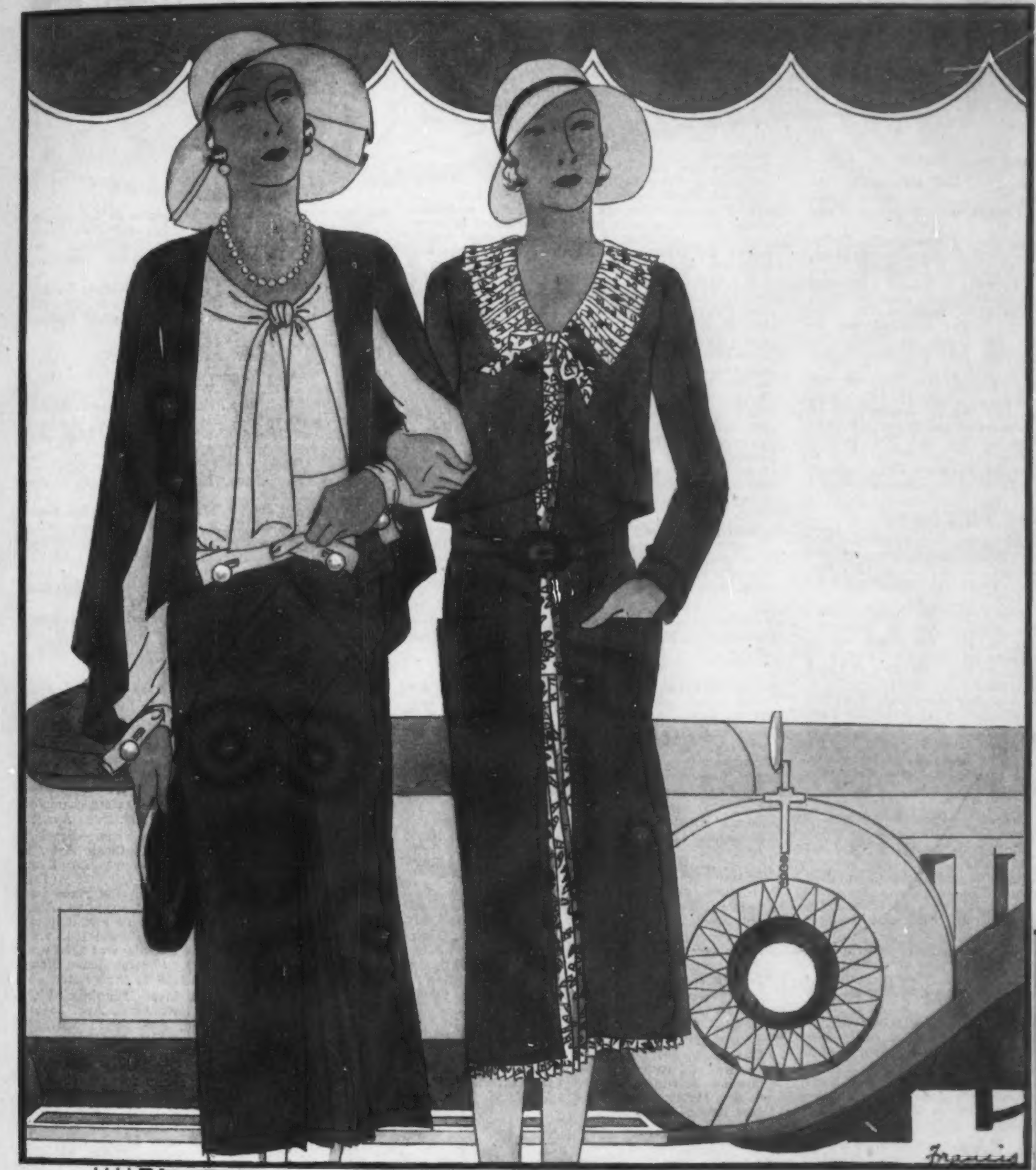
THE NEW SPECTATOR SPORTS CLOTHES HAVE MANY OCCASIONS IN MIND



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26]

(Continued from page 4)

opened, with no curfew, and singing by the Koutzetzof Nicolina Trio. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of the old Chez Florence.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, features The Sunshines, Mentalists. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has Mme. Sahdoveskaya, singer of folk songs. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

Anna Christie—Greta Garbo, both to be seen and heard in Eugene O'Neill's stern drama of the waterfront. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 19-21; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Journey's End—A fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive, of the original London company, doubtless beginning a big American screen career. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 5:45 and 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

The Love Parade—Amusing nonsense, with numerous songs and Chevalier. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 19-21; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Mammy—Minstrel-show movie, with Al Jolson and Irving Berlin music to help it along. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Man from Blankley's—John Barrymore in evening clothes again. A mildly funny comedy. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Rogue Song—Bandits and gypsies, and Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

Song o' My Heart—A pleasantly sentimental story, with John McCormack's voice well recorded. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

The Vagabond King—The musical show of the poet who ruled old Paris for a week, with Dennis King. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Disraeli," George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction; "The Green Goddess," George Arliss again, in his familiar portrait of the wicked though smiling rajah; "Street of Chance," William Powell in a good picture of big gambling society.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

Paramount on Parade—A revue in which nearly all of Paramount's stars and featured players appear. Opens Sat., Apr. 19. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

Hold Everything!—Movie version of last season's musical-comedy success, with Georges Carpentier and Winnie Lightner. Opens the new Warner Brothers' theatre Tues. Eve., Apr. 22. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. 8:45 P.M.)

ART

Allied—Seventeenth annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Americans—A spring roundup of some of the younger painters—some fine new Dickinsons, Spencers, Schmidts, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

André—A colorful Frenchman who has a nice way of saying things said before: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

Bouché—Some exceptional paintings on glass in the modern manner: Belmaison, Wanamaker's, 5th floor, New Bldg., B'way at 9. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Cubism—A stunning retrospective show of the painters who startled the world twenty years ago—Picasso, Braque, Duchamp, etc.: De Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Dark Horses—Forty-six painters and sculptors under thirty-five meet in the Museum of Modern Art for the first time. Also, early water colors by Burchfield: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M., except Sat. and Sun.

Dove—Annual showing of paintings by a very fine American: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Havemeyer—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Manuscripts—An exhibit of books and manuscripts dating from the eighth to the seventeenth centuries, illustrating the formation of the English language: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

Rouault—One of the strange, strong men of France whom you either like or don't like. Some fine and thrilling things, but a little hard to digest: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

Vanda Nomicos—Recital début of a young singer who comes exceptionally recommended: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 22.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink—An intimate, not a farewell, recital: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 24.

Leon Theremin—Ether music demonstrated by its discoverer: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 25.

Georges Enesco—One of the finest contemporary musicians and his fiddle: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 25.

ORCHESTRAS, CHORUSES, AND BALLETS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Last concerts this season. Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Apr. 20.

Philadelphia Orchestra and League of Composers—Stokowski conducting. Stage production of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and Schoenberg's "Die Glückliche Hand," with soloists, ballet, and orchestra: Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. and Wed. Eves., Apr. 22 and 23, at 8:45.

University Glee Club—Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 24.

Polyphonic Symphony Orchestra—Kudisch conducting; in conjunction with the American Ballet Guild: Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55, Sat. Eve., Apr. 26, at 8:30.

Helen Jameson Hall —

Conductorless Symphony Orchestra—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 26, at 8:45.

OPERA

Metropolitan—Last performances of the season: "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., Apr. 18, at 1; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Apr. 19, at 2; "Sadko," Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Apr. 20, at 8:30.

Little Theatre Opera—Strauss' "Gypsy Baron," Mon. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 21-26, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Apr. 26, at 2:30: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

Grand Opera—Wagner's "Parsifal," Fri. Eve., Apr. 18, at 11, over WEAF. . . . Puccini's "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at 7, over WEAF.

Winnie Lightner—And Joe E. Brown, in a radio version of "Hold Everything!" Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at 8:30, over WEAF.

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 19 and 26, at 9, over WEAF.

Light Opera—"The Merry Widow," by Franz Lehar: Sun. Aft., Apr. 20, at 1, over WJZ.

Lucrezia Bori—Soprano soloist: Sun. Eve., Apr. 20, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Evelyn Laye—Star of "Bitter Sweet," in farewell program before sailing for England: Mon. Eve., Apr. 21, at 9:30, over WEAF.

Rochester Civic Orchestra—Easter program, Harrison conducting: Mon. Eve., Apr. 21, at 10, over WJZ.

SPORTS

Baseball—Games at Polo Grounds, at 3 P.M.: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Mon., Apr. 18-21. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 22-24; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 25 and 26. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

Fencing—Finals for the Intercollegiate championships: Ballroom, Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Apr. 18.

Horse Show—Brooklyn Horse Show: Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Flatbush Ave., at Grand Army Plaza, Tues. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 22-26, and Sat. Aft., Apr. 26. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Grand Army Plaza Sta.)

Racing—United Hunts Racing Association, Aqueduct track, Sat., Apr. 19, at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . Jamaica track, races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Mon., Apr. 21. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

Track—Annual Penn Relays, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 25 and 26. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at 11 A.M. and 12 noon.)

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—The big annual event for the children: Madison Square Garden; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. daily, through Sat., Apr. 26.

Public Balls—Annual Toc H Ball, on board the Berengaria, Mon. Eve., Apr. 21. . . . Butterfly Ball, for the benefit of the House of Rest, Ritz-Carlton, Tues. Eve., Apr. 22. . . . Fête Tricolore, supper dance for the benefit of the French Institute, St. Regis Roof, Wed. Eve., Apr. 23.

Benefits—The Press Agents' Show, in which many well-known stars will appear, at Erlanger's Theatre, 44, W. of B'way, Sat. Eve., Apr. 19, at midnight. . . . Sir Harry Lauder, Sophie Tucker, Gertrude Lawrence, Harry Richman, and others will appear in a benefit performance at Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 20, at 8:30.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson—Illustrated lecture, "Abolishing the Arctic:" Explorers' Club, 544 Cathedral P'kway, Wed. Eve., Apr. 23, at 8:30.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Havemeyer collection of Japanese and Chinese art: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 18 and 19, at 2:15. . . . Private press books from the library of David Randall: Thurs. Aft., Apr. 24, at 2:15. . . . Italian primitives and other oil paintings: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 24, at 8:15. . . . Early American furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 25 and 26, at 2:15. . . . Furniture, furnishings, and panelling of the residence of the late Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer will be sold on the premises, 1 E. 66, Tues. Morn. and Aft., Apr. 22.

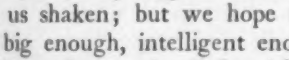
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR many a spring, now, has our sentimental, almost maudlin, old heart thrilled to the chalk writings of children, on walls and sidewalks. Love is always the burden of the messages. Mary loves Herbert. Lucy Ricardo loves Joseph Stein. Simple, heartening evidence, it always seemed to us, of Love's immortality. A chance meeting, the other morning in Eleventh Street, with a young chalk-writer, has left us shaken; but we hope that we are big enough, intelligent enough, to understand that the little girl's emotions sprang from the same rich wells of human feeling that have always fed the soul. She was a curious, self-possessed, pinchy little girl—one of those products of experimental education that you see nowadays. Her handwriting was clear; her spelling was irreproachable; and the promise and pledge that she finally committed to the sidewalk, just as we came along, was "John is Mary's loving Daddy and how."

SOME people complain that we write too much about Calvin Coolidge. They say he isn't worth the space. That simply isn't true. Coolidge is as American as the dollar; he is one of the greatest of our nationals; and he is worth every inch of space we can allow him. Even though he writes for *Cosmopolitan* and not for us, that does not bias us in our feeling for his peculiar greatness. Every chance we get, we intend to add to existing Coolidgeana. This week, we are eager to report a small occurrence that throws light on the marvellous diversity and vigor of his post-presidential activity. We have just learned that, on Monday, March 31, busy though he must have been with his writings, his life-insurance meetings, his fishpoles, his dogs, and with meeting *Cosmopolitan's* publication date, he was not too busy to be one of the patrons of a lampshade exhibit at the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, along with Mr. Walter L. Clark, Miss Geraldine Lamson, Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., Mrs. Richard de Wolfe Brixey, and Mrs. Coolidge.



THERE ought to be some kind of city ordinance to this effect: once a one-way street, always a one-way street. The attempts now being made by the city to emancipate some of the one-way streets and make them two-way again are simply killing. By killing we mean killing. Take a street like West Thirteenth, for years a pleasant one-way lane of nice homes and orderly speakeasies. All of a sudden it tries to become a two-way street from Sixth Avenue to Seventh Avenue, although still one-way from Fifth Avenue to Sixth Avenue. This wavering quality in a street is too much for the fierce realistic minds of taxi and truck-drivers, who come dashing west into the two-way block with a simple and almost beautiful faith in the continuance of its one-way status. Any motorist who makes a frail groping effort to assert his rights and go eastward against the advancing battalions has his own row to hoe; and pedestrians, accustomed to glance only in one direction before stepping out into the street—how quickly they pass on to their just reward!

EVERY year we do a little worrying about the base influences that are creeping into the circus. The Ziegfeld note is one—the tendency to stop the whole show every few minutes for a specialty number. This year the arena shuts up shop at one point for two men to do a comic horse act, and the act itself might have come straight out of an intimate revue. High comedy taking the place of low. In all this we see the ugly shadow of the radio and the talkie: children are more critical and mature in their tastes than they used to be, the circus holds fewer surprises. Circus billboards, when you come to think of it, advertise no animals or tricks that children haven't seen, more or less, in the movies; and circus clowns, with one or two bits of buffoonery up their sleeve, are feeling the competition of the sophisticated wisecracking radio. Oh, well, don't misunderstand us—it's still the greatest show on earth. As long as it still contains the burning house and the white statue number in which the white horse lies on its back, we'll continue to

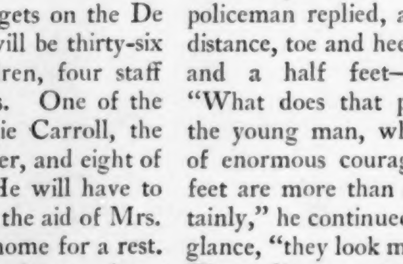
go every year and have a marvellous time.

Music for Export

WHEN the Philharmonic visited Washington a month or so ago Toscanini was presented to Mr. Hoover at the White House. The President said he was pleased to meet Mr. Toscanini and then asked how many of the members of his orchestra were American citizens. Mr. Toscanini, who up to then had never given the matter a moment's thought, said he didn't know. That terminated the presentation, and provoked a census of the musical organization. The answer was that of the one hundred and fourteen members of the Philharmonic only twelve were aliens. Thirty-four members were born in America; the remainder hail from thirty-four different countries, Russia and Italy leading with twenty-nine and thirteen respectively. The twelve aliens are now by way of becoming citizens. They all recently took out their first papers to avoid complications in returning to the country at the conclusion of the Philharmonic's tour of Europe.

When the orchestra gets on the De Grasse April 23 there will be thirty-six wives along, nine children, four staff members, and two dogs. One of the staff members is Jimmie Carroll, the orchestra's baggagemaster, and eight of the children are his. He will have to look after them without the aid of Mrs. Carroll, who is staying home for a rest. He will also have to look after two hundred and fifty trunks and instrument cases. He has marked all the baggage with a big white cross because he hears that Continental railroad stations are murky, and you can't go losing instruments worth a hundred thousand or so in the murk. He will, of course, have the assistance of Gus, whom we wrote about a few weeks ago. Like Gus, Jimmie knows to a second the length of every piece the orchestra has played in recent years.

The Philharmonic's tour will keep Jimmie Carroll hopping. Twenty-three concerts will be given in fifteen different cities in nine different countries of Europe, all in five weeks. This is the orchestra's first trip abroad, although—and you may not have realized this—it's the second oldest orchestra in the world. Only London's is older. The New York Philharmonic gave its first concert in 1842, in the long-since-forgotten Apollo Rooms in lower Broadway. In those days the players stood during the entire performance. Before the concert, several of them, wearing white gloves and carrying long slender rods of wood painted white, as wands of office, ushered subscribers to their seats. When the audience was seated the orchestra would gather in an anteroom off the platform. "Will the oboe please give us his 'A'?" the conductor would request. The oboe would sound his "A," the orchestra would tune up, and then, playing its opening number, march solemnly into the hall. A somewhat tiring formality which wasn't given up for years.



Courage

THE other day a young gentleman parked within ten feet of a fire hydrant in Worth Street—or so a policeman said. "I'm going to give you a ticket," said the policeman. "Wait a minute," protested the young fellow. "How do I know I am too close to that hydrant?" "I'll show ya," the policeman replied, and stepped off the distance, toe and heel. It came to nine and a half feet—policeman's feet. "What does that prove?" demanded the young man, who must have been of enormous courage. "Maybe your feet are more than a foot long. Certainly," he continued with a downward glance, "they look much longer to me." The policeman stared at him dazed, and then, muttering feebly, walked away.

Man Without Horse

IF you're looking for someone to sympathize with, we give you Mr. Paul Revere, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, whose troubles we have just heard about. He is a direct descendant of the original Paul Revere and, naturally, a source of pride to the conservative element of his community. He was christened Edward Paul Revere, but dropped the Edward two score or more years ago, in his youth. That, it has turned out in this irreverent age, was a mistake. A few years ago village cut-ups took up calling him on the phone to ask if his horse was well, if the British had arrived yet, and things like that.

These were bad enough, but on top of it pageant-minded ladies took to getting after him in numbers, especially around April, asking him to dress up like his forefather and ride a horse for them. He hasn't got a horse and won't ride one. He won't even carry a couple of lanterns for the ladies; won't do anything, in fact. It wasn't until quite lately that he found a means of relief. He got the idea of putting felt pads under the telephone bells. He removes these only between the noon hours of eleven and one. In the padded hours he goes quietly about his hobbies, which are beet-raising and antique-collecting. Some of the first Paul Revere's notable handiwork as a silversmith belongs to his descendant, who sometimes wishes the original Paul had stuck to his craft and left horses alone.

Got a Match?

A PERSONNEL expert, very high-powered, for a certain business firm, has a pet intelligence test. When an applicant for a position appears before him, he starts asking the usual questions and then breaks off with "Have you a match?" If the applicant says "No, sir," without reaching in his pockets, or if he reaches in a certain pocket and produces a match immediately, he passes the test. If he fumbles around from pocket to pocket, the way most any man does, he fails. The employer's theory is that unless a man has a definite and habitual pocket for the accessories he normally carries, he is not apt to possess the systematic habits which make an efficient worker.

Flying Macyman

IF a mysterious little old man plucks you by the sleeve and tries to tell you a story about a ship, a Swedish tramp steamer, between whose stacks one of the Macy balloons, released last Thanksgiving Day, came to rest after floating twelve hundred miles out to sea, don't pay any attention to him. It isn't true. We have heard the tale several times of recent weeks, various versions of it—the crew was frightened to death, two of the sailors jumped overboard at the spectacle of a giant flying dragon, etc.—from old women, college boys, and newsboys, but there is nothing to it. It's just a legend, like the Flying Dutchman and the unfortunate albatross. The cold fact is that while the dragon could have travelled that far, could, in fact, theoretically have reached England, it didn't. It came down in Flushing—as unromantic as that.

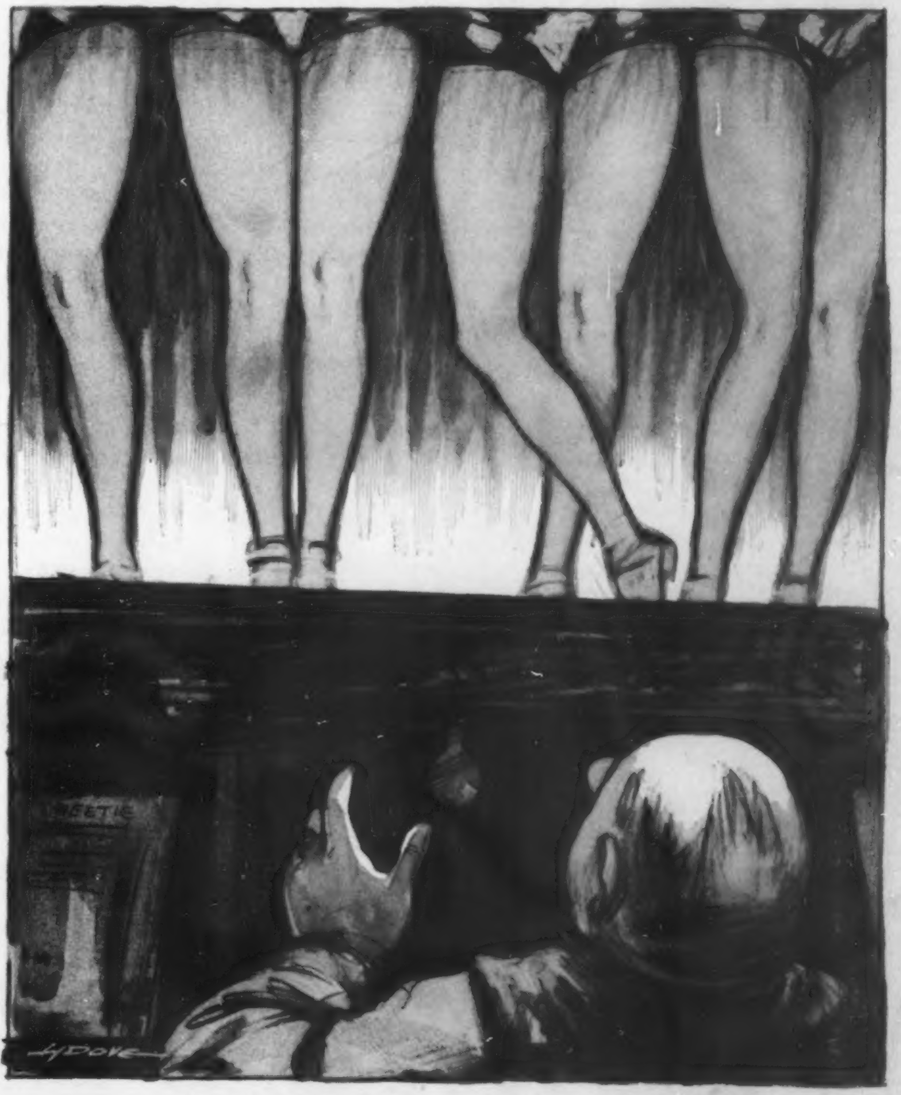
Macy's sent forth ten balloons, all enormous. The dragon was one hundred and thirty-two feet long, for instance. All of them have been accounted for; six of them were brought back to the store sufficiently intact to qualify their rescuers for the reward of fifty dollars offered for the return of each. The dragon wasn't one of these. A streetful of people saw it fall and forty people got pieces of it in the scramble that ensued. Anyhow, about forty people showed up with various fragments, expecting the fifty dollars, which finally wasn't awarded at all, the problem proving too difficult. None of the Thanksgiving, 1929, balloons drifted very far. The weather was too chilly. Macy's hopes that some year one of its balloons will get to Europe, but to date none has got very far out. In 1928 one did land on a tug in the harbor. The captain and crew, who had never heard of Macy's or its parade, didn't know there was a reward for the balloon (it was one hundred dollars that year), and kept it lashed to the mast for good luck. The crew became suspicious, however, when someone shouted from a passing boat, offering fifty dollars for the animal. The captain came ashore, investigated, and took the balloon to Macy's. He split the reward with the crew. Last year one of the Katzenjammer Kids, as big as a two-story house, landed on a roof near Lexington and Forty-ninth Street and then flopped into the street. A little boy reached it first, but a crowd soon collected and a battle royal was on. A cop who had taken the whole thing in came to the youngster's aid, beat off several burly fellows, helped the boy deflate the balloon, and escorted him home with it. He (the boy) got the reward.

Ted

AT one of those literary teas a group of authors were talking, drinking, shaking hands with Peggy Joyce, eating caviar sandwiches, asking each other about advance sales, shaking hands all around. They got to talking about Theodore Dreiser, who wasn't present. "He's all right," said one. "He's no good," said another. A third waved them both aside. "I'll tell you the trouble with Dreiser," he said. "He's the kind of a man whom you know nobody has ever called Ted."

Fun on the Farm

IT'S time to tip the News Reel Theatre off to Joe Cook's new golf course on his place at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. As many people know, this comedian is as mad off the stage as he is on, a fact borne home especially to all who have ever been his house guests. He is a good and lavish host, but a prankish one. You pick up a telephone to answer a ring—"Just see who that is, will you kindly, old man?" says Joe—and a spurt of water from the transmitter hits you in the neck. Or you pick up a saxophone lying about, blow into it, and are immediately covered with flour which shoots upward from an unnoticed orifice in the instrument and descends in a cloud. Horseplay like this goes on in a room built especially for stag parties. It is a crazy place. Suspended from the ceiling by short wires, for instance, are innumerable small articles, thousands of them. This is Mr. Cook's unparalleled collection of "objects no larger than a man's hand." He has been at work on it for years. Every time he comes across something "no larger than a man's hand" he acquires it and adds it to his collection. Guests are always trying to name things he hasn't got yet. It takes six men an average of fifteen minutes to think of something "smaller than a man's hand" which Joe hasn't acquired. When a new object is suggested, note is made, and steps are taken to add it to the museum. The walls of the room are covered with a weird array of trophies and souvenirs. For instance, there is the faucet of the bathtub in which Joyce Hawley took her famous wine bath some years ago. A baseball care-



"All right, girls, let's see some personality."

Unprepared as they are . . .

fully mounted in a glass case is said to be the only baseball in existence not autographed by Babe Ruth. The piano in this room bears the carved initials of a thousand or so guests who have left their marks behind them. It is artistically set off by two enormous brass carriage lamps fastened to either end. Joe saw them on a hack one night in Montreal and bought them from the cabby. The cocktail shaker here is an ingenious appliance. It is made from one of those punching-bag stands with which young men test their muscle at Coney Island. In this contrivance a frame-like clamp takes the place of the punching bag. You set the shaker into the clamp, hit it a sharp crack, and the cocktails are thoroughly mixed by the vibration of the springs—scarcely any work at all.

"There are smiles that . . ."

The golf course, however: This is on the grounds above the lake, a weird nine-hole criss-cross. To get from one tee to one green you have to drive through a length of ten-foot cast-iron pipe. The tee for the fourth hole is on top of a forty-foot water tower. You have to climb up that many feet of stairs to get to it. Once at the top, however, you find a well-kept grass plot, equipped with a sandbox and water bucket. From this you drive off to a green surrounded by a moat (also used as a private swimming pool by the Cook children). This is a short hole, and you ought to make the green in one, but if you don't you have to fish your ball out of the water. The big feature of the course is another short hole. It is an easy drive right on the green, which, however, is laid out at the top of a mound. If you don't make the top of the mound you are out of luck, but if you do make it you are very much in luck, for the green itself is saucer-shaped and the ball, once on it, rolls by gravity unerringly into the hole, and whee! you've made a hole in one.

Not only does Mr. Cook provide the facility for his guests to perform this rare feat, but his thoughtfulness goes further. The ball, having rolled into the hole, continues through a pipe which comes out at the side of the mound, terminating in a desk. You lift the top of the desk and recover your ball. There you also find engraved Hole-in-One certificates which you fill out on the spot, have attested, and carry off with you.

•

TWO elderly ladies arrived in the Grand Central Terminal the other evening and caught sight of the airplane Bremen up on the balcony. This was apparently their first view of an airplane at close range. They studied it for a while in awed silence; then one of them spoke, in the accents of discovery. "It's built on the plan of a bird," she said.

The World Over

CUSTOMS guards at Valparaiso, Chile, held up a New York woman down there recently when she tried to take two dozen bottles of Sherry's bottled coffee into the country. The lady had heard that Chilean coffee is terrible. The customs officials pounced on the odd cargo, insisting that it was alcohol. The lady was indignant. She proudly declared that the Willobys—her family—hadn't drunk two dozen bottles of alcohol since Tyler's administration. The officers simply shrugged, and poured out a specimen of the coffee into a bowl. Then they tried to light it to see if it would burn with a blue flame. It wouldn't burn at all. They tried the coffee from a few more bottles with the same result. They were convinced finally that it really was coffee, but here a new problem reared its head. Nobody had ever tried to get any bottled coffee into Chile before, and there were no customs regulations governing its import. The officials held a conference, from which

they at length emerged with gleaming eyes. "We shall admit it as mineral water," they told the owner, and they did.

This is reminiscent of the story a New York manufacturer tells about the time, a couple of months ago, that he shipped a pretty calendar to his niece in Australia. The calendar was simply one of those colorful things got out by so many different concerns—this one was issued by the Woonsocket Seamless Leather Belting Corporation. It fell into the suspicious hands of the Australian customs men, who were struck by the strange beauty of the picture on the calendar—it showed a girl in a pink dress standing under an apple tree—with the spires of the Woonsocket Seamless Leather Belting Corporation in the distance. The officials pronounced this a "work of art," and levied a duty of one pound on it. The uncle, who told us the story, says there is a loophole for calendar-minded people. In sending calendars to Australia you must rubber-stamp the word "sample" on one corner of the calendar. This takes off the curse of art.

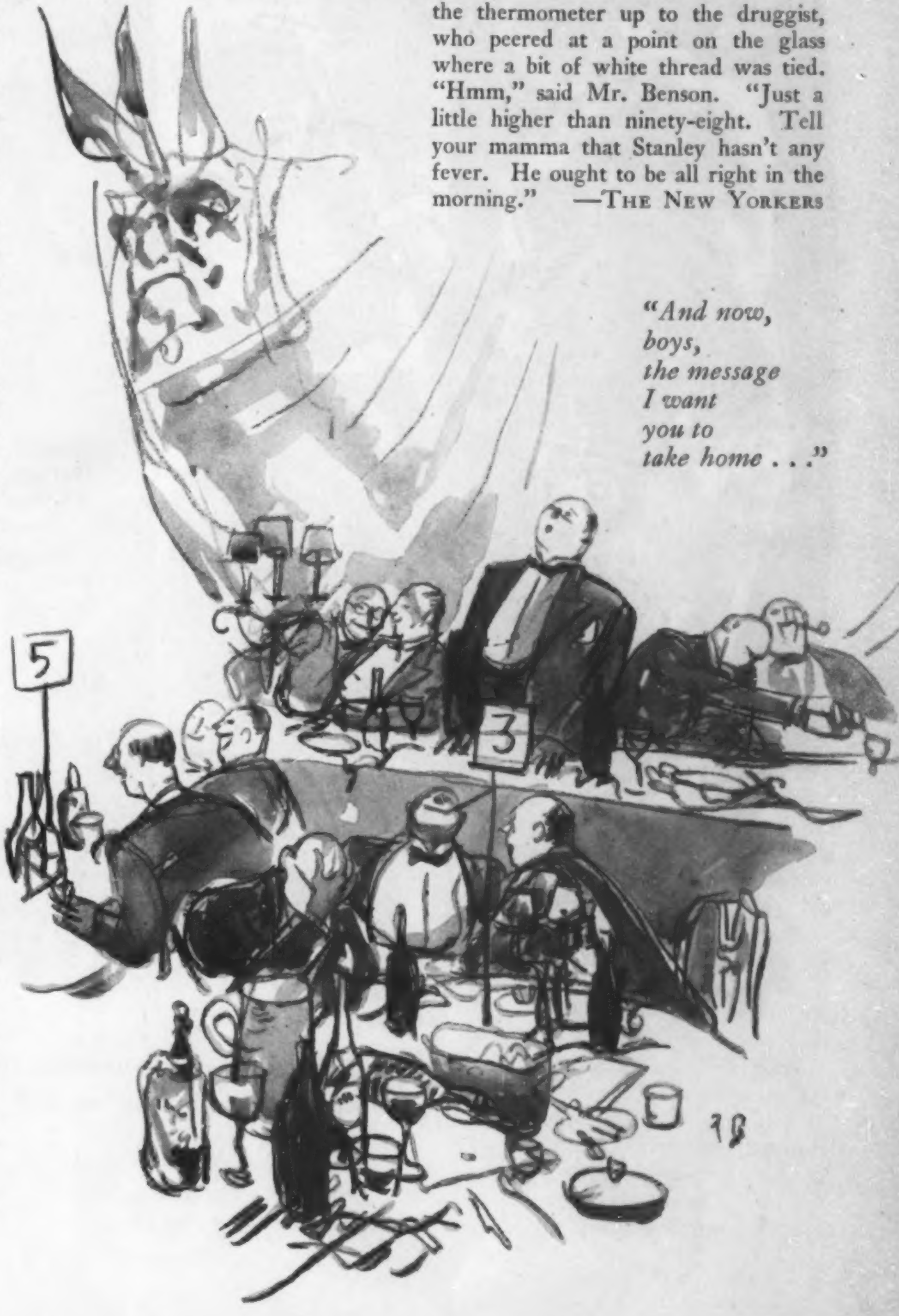
Creator of Joe

THE fifty (or five hundred) thousand books published this year probably don't number many that will be as long remembered as "Beautiful Joe." What reminded us of "Beautiful Joe" was a lady's telling us that she recently met and talked with Miss Saunders, the author of that immortal dog story. We had imagined the author as one with Henley and Swinburne, but she is alive and well—not much past sixty. Furthermore, she still writes animal stories, usually about cats and birds now. She is living in Toronto, in a house in which one room is devoted to pet birds and another to pet cats. She wears long scarves, does not believe in war, belongs to the Esperanto Union, occasionally lectures, and frequently comes to New York on a visit. Her books sell better here than in Canada.

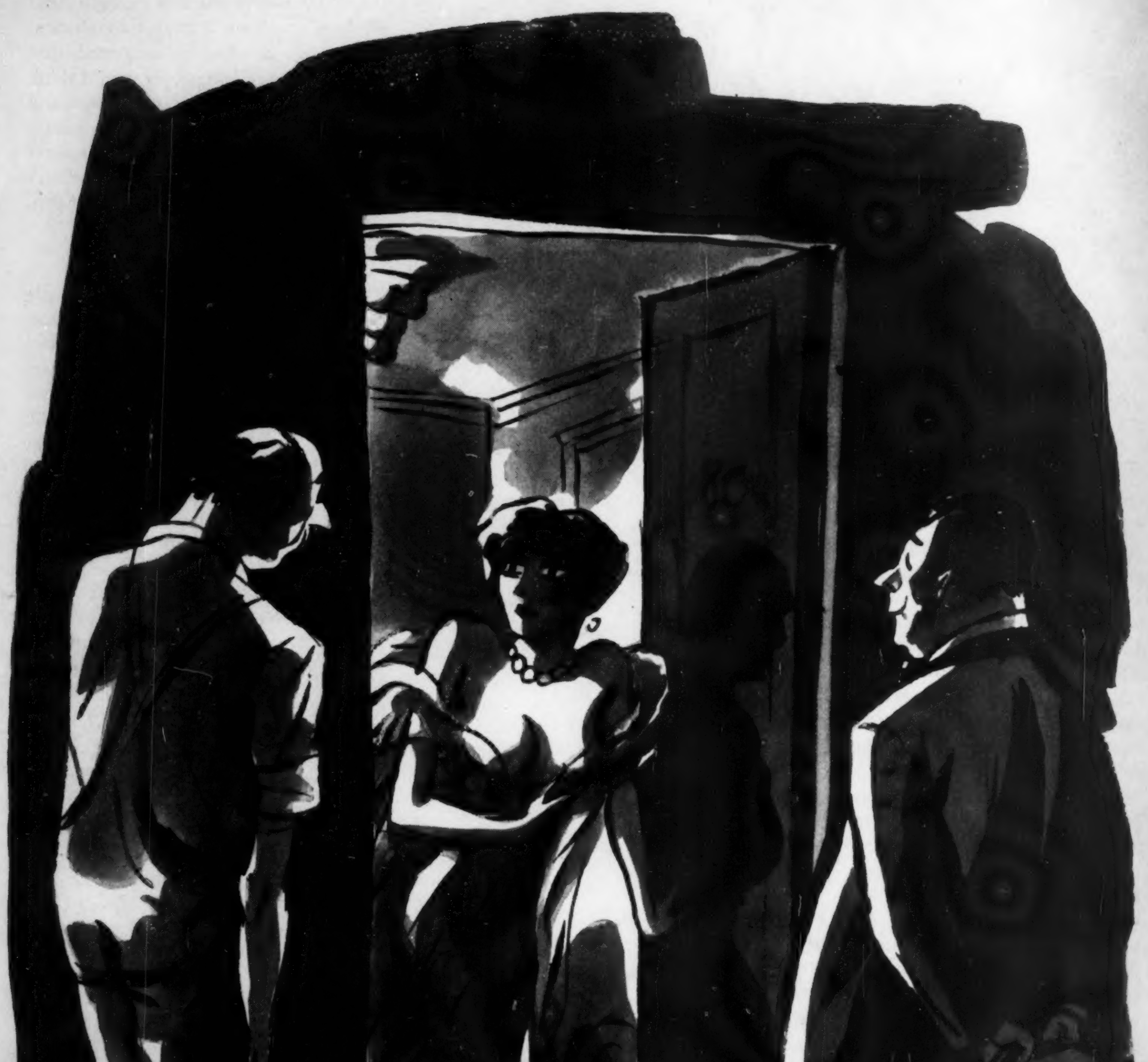
Miss Saunders, in her lectures, usually tells this story about "Beautiful Joe." When it was first published the villain of the book was an Englishman. A number of readers suggested that this was bad because people would think the man was a typical Englishman and so misunderstand the English character. Miss Saunders took the matter up with her publishers and the villain's nationality was changed to American.

Diagnosis

UP in the chummy Bronx, a little girl of about eight walked solemnly into a drugstore, about seven Wednesday evening, clasping a thermometer tight. She hurried up to the proprietor. "Mr. Benson," she said. "Mamma wants to know whether Stanley is feverish now." She held the thermometer up to the druggist, who peered at a point on the glass where a bit of white thread was tied. "Hmm," said Mr. Benson. "Just a little higher than ninety-eight. Tell your mamma that Stanley hasn't any fever. He ought to be all right in the morning." —THE NEW YORKERS



*"And now,
boys,
the message
I want
you to
take home . . ."*



"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but this gentleman would like to have another look at the apartment."

SIT STILL

ONE morning I was walking down Fifth Avenue alongside of the Park and I stopped with the rest of the southbound traffic at Seventy-second Street to allow the cross-town traffic to move, though God knows what good it did them because it is a two-way street and there were just as many going one way as the other, but during the wait I happened to glance at the curb and saw a taxicab that I had never seen before so I got in and the first thing I noticed was an autographed picture of a man named Nathan Schwartz. The driver must have heard me slam the door, for pretty soon he turned around and opened the sliding window that separated his compartment from mine and said where to.

"Where were you headed for?" I retorted.

"Nowhere a special," he said.

"Well," I said, "I figured we might as well ride together as long as we were headed in the same direction. How did Mr. Schwartz come to send you one of his pictures? Do you know him?"

"I'm one of his fans," said the driver. "What I'd appreciate now, though, is where you want me to take you."

"You'll be one of the first people I'll tell as soon as I find out. Just drive along a ways and if I hear anything I'll get in touch with you."

"All right," said the driver, "and maybe you'd better rap twice on the window so I'll know it's you. That will be the signal. Have you got it?"

"Two raps," I said.

"You pick things up quickly, but whether you remember them is the question. Perhaps it will help you if you connect it in your mind with some common fact, like how many legs on a man, or how many rear wheels on a car."

"Or how many times I've been abroad," I chuckled.

"You've got it," said the driver.

THE policeman jingled his bell and we were on our way. I was about to doze off when I observed a newspaper that had been left on the back seat by the people who had moved out. I picked it up and read an item about Jackie Coogan. He was in New York and staying at the Ritz (Forty-sixth and Madison). I rapped three times on the window, but the driver paid no attention. Then I remembered—"How many legs on a man?"—and rapped twice. The driver opened the window.

"Well?" he said.

"Take me to the Hotel Astor," I ordered, wondering why I had not thought of it before because I had wanted to see the Astor ever since moving to New York.

"That's on the Lincoln Highway, isn't it?" said the driver. "It's either on it or just off it. I'll find it anyhow; there must be plenty of signs."

We continued down the Avenue until we came to Forty-fifth Street.

"We could lose a little distance, by going to Forty-third Street," said the driver, "but Forty-fifth's worse at this time of the day, so I imagine it evens up in the end."

I was pretty hungry when we got to the Astor as I had gone without my lunch.

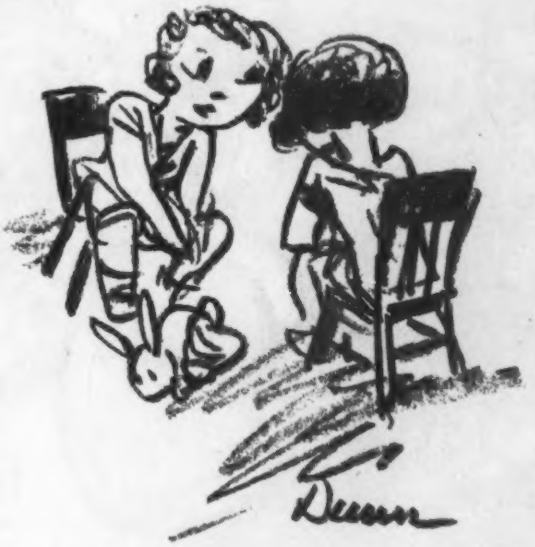
"Goodbye," I said to the driver.

"Goodbye," he said. "And don't forget—two legs to a man."

The car door was opened by a tall fellow who spoke to me, but I could not place him. I walked up the steps and into the hotel's front lobby, which seemed to be quite crowded, so crowded that I might never have been able to reach the desk without my training as a coxcomb at Yale.

"Have you got a room?" I said to a clerk, thinking of course they were filled up or why would there be such a crush in the lobby?

"Yes, sir. Kindly register and I'll fix you up," he replied.



"You know, ever since I heard the truth about Santa Claus I've been simply mad to get the lowdown on Easter."

There was nothing for me to do but write down my name and address. I was afraid to use the only other name I could think of, Nathan Schwartz; the clerk might be one of his fans, too, and know me for an impostor.

The clerk called a bellboy and gave him a key and the bellboy asked where I had left my baggage. I feigned temporary deafness and asked him in turn why, if the hotel had vacant rooms, there was such a crush in the lobby.

"Oh," he said, "that's just our waiting list."

"But why do they have to wait if I didn't?"

"They're not waiting for rooms. They're waiting to sit down," he said.

THIS statement interested me to such an extent that I spent the next few hours investigating, and I learned the following facts, which may or may not lessen the difficulty:

The lobby has four pillars or columns, which were originally placed there to keep the ceiling from bouncing up and down on the floor. ("Four men to a male quartette.") There are three chairs to each pillar, or twelve chairs in all. ("Twelve horsemen in the Notre Dame backfield.") The occupants of these chairs have been in them continuously for periods ranging from eight to sixty-six years. The man who has been sitting in his chair the shortest while (eight years) is a Mr. J. N. Purdy, but the others refer to him as "The Junior Partner" or "The Kid." He paid one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for his seat, a record price at the time, buying it from a Mr. Louis Bolton, who, after an occupancy of only four years and two months, yielded to a life-long ambition to take up window-shopping.

The oldest settler is the man who sits on the desk side of the pillar nearest the entrance to the florist's. No one knows his real name, but they call him "General Grant" because he sat down in 1864 and announced that he would sit it out in that chair if it took all century.

At the same pillar is Mr. Lyman Bates, who used to be an inveterate smoker. He had to give it up fourteen years ago when he ran out of cigars and money, and the bellboys refused to extend him credit. The other tenant of this pillar is a woman, Lucy Pond, who came into the hotel in 1887, expecting to meet a Harvard man and take lunch with him. She got tired standing after three months and, as there were no vacancies at the time, sat down in Mr. Bates' lap. In 1893, it was discovered that a Mr. Levings, who shared the pillar with Bates and "General Grant" at that time, had died quite a while previously. Bates made the discovery and managed to push Levings out of his chair. Miss Pond then moved into it, much to the relief of Bates, whose foot was asleep.

The only other woman squatter is Margaret Vesey. She has a chair at the pillar opposite the newsstand. They say she was quite an attractive girl when she sat down, in 1900, and that Barney Diehl, who had a seat at that column, showed an inclination to flirt with her. He was not rebuffed, but she insisted on his looking at her while he talked and he had to quit on account of stiff neck.

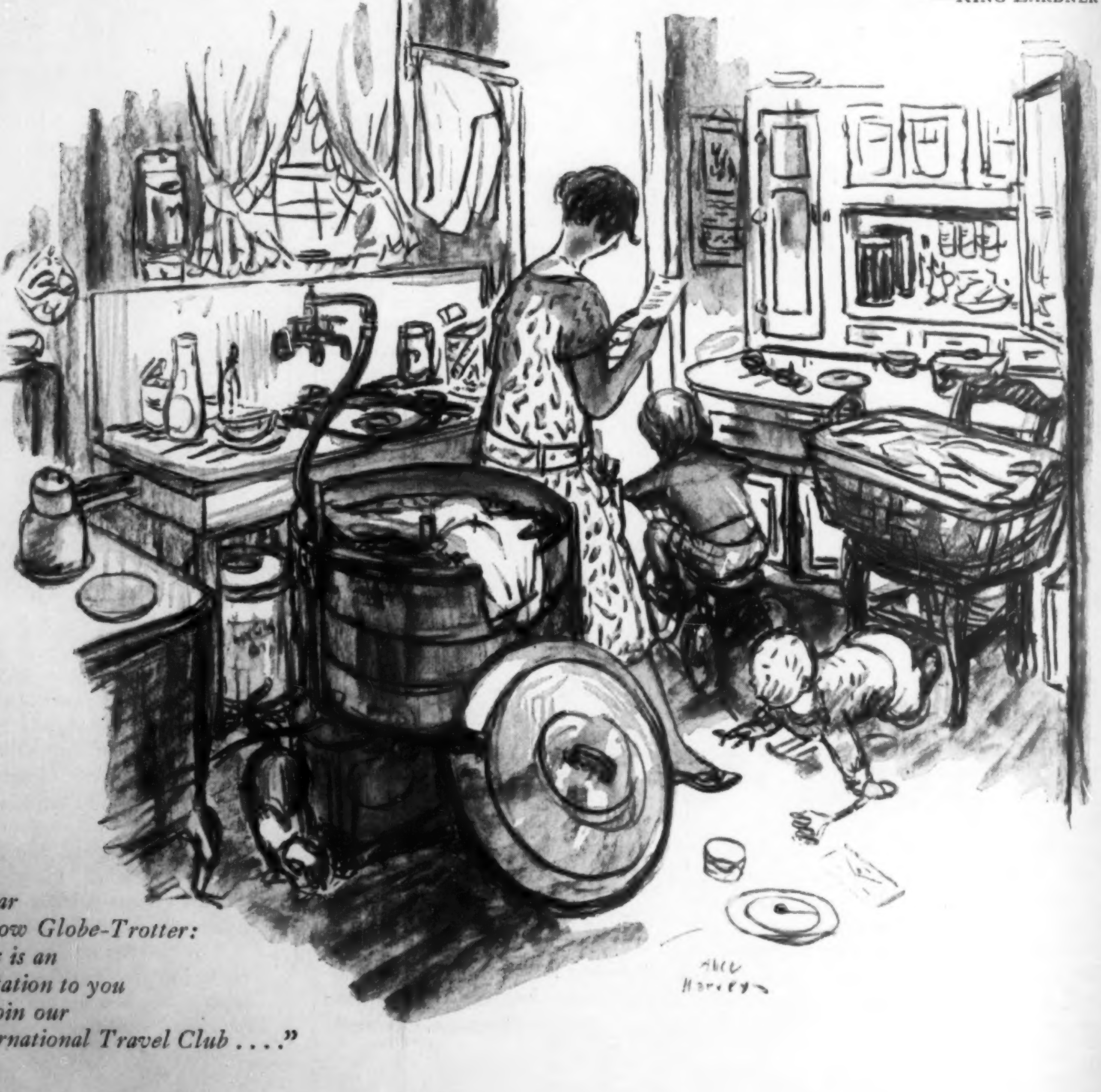
IN the early days of Astor squatting it was necessary to put into effect a rule prohibiting standees from attempting to eject the settlers by physical means. The latter were in no condition to put up a battle and the thing was too unfair. But there was no law against the use of strategy and many tricks were employed successfully before it was overdone. For example, one of the standees would bribe a bellboy to shout, "Mr. Gordon is wanted on the telephone by Lily Langtry." Gordon, unable to resist the temptation, would jump out of his chair and the trickster would slip into it. Another effective ruse was starting a cry of "Fire!" The hotel people soon put a stop to that.

It is now understood that when a squatter has occupied one of the chairs for twenty-five years, it becomes his homestead and he is privileged to get up and move around without jeopardizing his rights. He is privileged to get up and move around, but he can't. Because he can't.

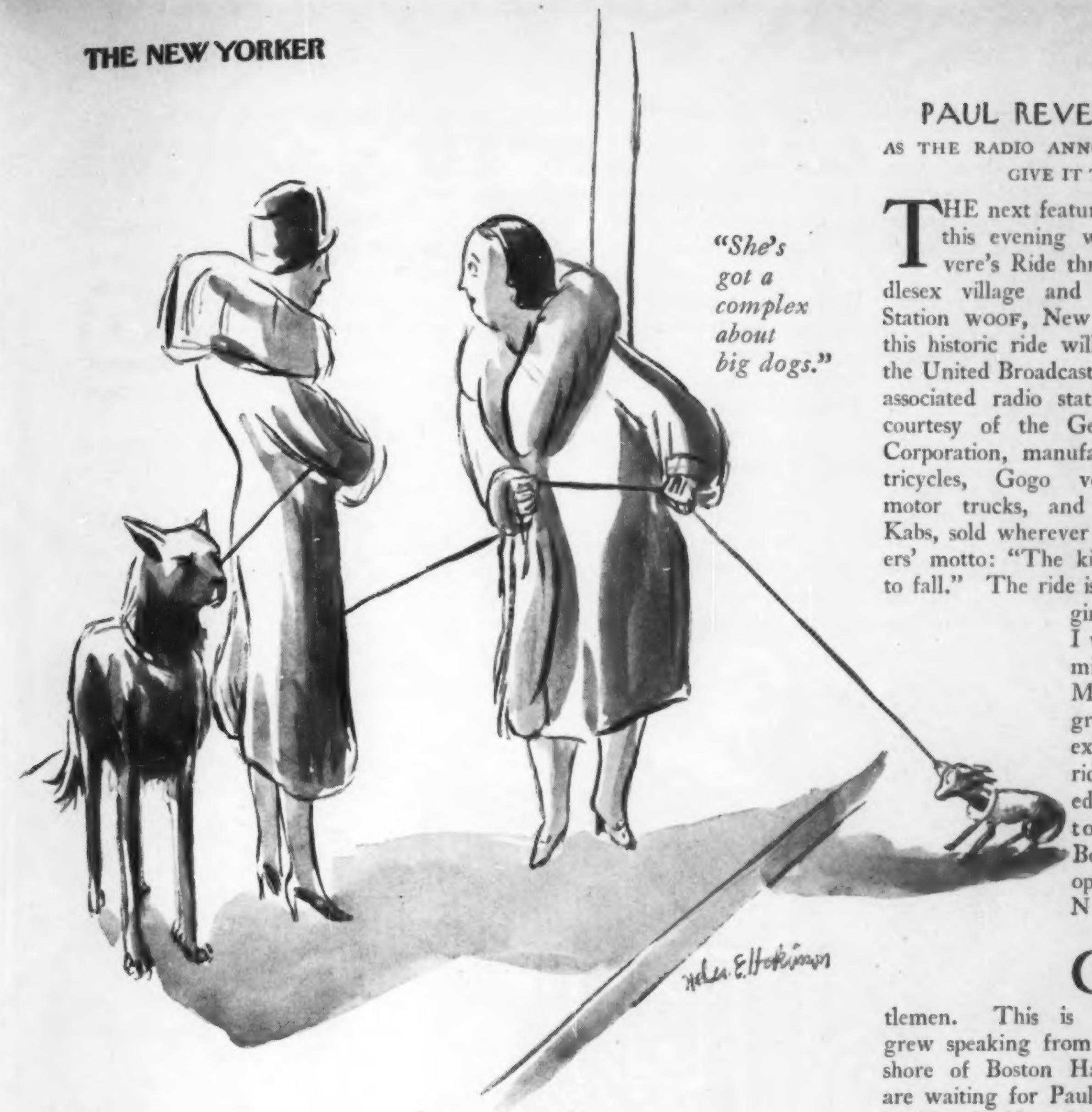
One of the bellboys told me of a remark recently made by Mr. Bates. He had overheard a standee speaking of Prof. Goozlequirt, a champion flagpole-sitter who had just come down off a flagpole in Madison Square Garden after sitting there for eighteen days and five hours.

"What makes those Danes so restless?" said Mr. Bates.

—RING LARDNER



*"Dear
Fellow Globe-Trotter:
This is an
invitation to you
to join our
International Travel Club . . . ."*



"She's got a complex about big dogs."

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SING A SONG OF NONSENSE

Ten wealthy speculators standing in a line;
Down went United Can and then there were nine.
Nine shiny Cadillacs rolling by in state;
Flooey went the sugar tax and then there were eight.
Eight jolly power trusts, stinking unto heaven;
In came the Democrats and then there were seven.
Seven crafty sewer kings getting in their licks;
Out went the Democrats and then there were six.
Six puny Communists, only half alive;
Whalen came from Wanamaker's, then there were five.
Five lusty senators fighting for the floor;
God at last got sick of it and then there were four.
Four bulky battleships putting out to sea;
Someone got his senses back and then there were three.
Three motion-picture stars to clutter up the view;
Along came the vitaphone and then there were two.
Two mighty bank boards cried, "Thy will be done!
"Whom God hath joined—" and so they merged, and then there was one.
One wicked criminal wandering at large;
In came the dry law, and then there were one hundred and five million, seven hundred and ten thousand, six hundred and nineteen.

—John Ogden Whedon

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

AS THE RADIO ANNOUNCERS WOULD GIVE IT TO US

THE next feature of our program this evening will be Paul Revere's Ride through every Middlesex village and farm. This is Station WOOF, New York City, and this historic ride will be broadcast by the United Broadcasting Company and associated radio stations through the courtesy of the General Velocipede Corporation, manufacturers of Whiz tricycles, Gogo velocipedes, Baby motor trucks, and Attaboy Kiddie Kabs, sold wherever you see the dealers' motto: "The kiddies haven't far to fall." The ride is scheduled to begin immediately and I will now turn the microphone over to Mr. Lawrence Pettigrew, the famous expert on historic rides, who is stationed on the Charlestown shore of Boston Harbor, right opposite the Old North Church—

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Lawrence Pettigrew speaking from the Charlestown shore of Boston Harbor, where we are waiting for Paul Revere to begin his historic ride, which will be brought to you by the United Broadcasting Company through Station WOOF and associated stations, through the courtesy of the General Velocipede Corporation, makers of Whiz tricycles, Gogo velocipedes, Baby motor trucks, and Attaboy Kiddie Kabs, sold wherever you see the dealers' motto: "Daddy, buy me a bus." Well, this certainly is an historic occasion, ladies and gentlemen, and I'm sure this is going to be a very wonderful ride; indeed, one of the most wonderful rides any of us have ever been privileged to see. There is something about riding that brings a thrill to every one of us, and I know this ride will be a perfectly wonderful one.

Well, this is certainly a wonderful sight here on the shore. The river is—er—as smooth as glass, the moon is shining down on it making a—er—pathway of light, and on the other side we can just see Boston and the belfry of the Old North Church, and I can tell you we're all watching that belfry just as hard as we can for the lights that will start the ride off.

Paul Revere is right beside me here with his horse, ready for the getaway, and he's a pretty eager boy tonight, for I'm sure he knows how much hangs on this ride. We all know that he's going to do his level best, just as every other American boy would if he had this great opportunity. Paul is watching with eager search the belfry tower of the Old North Church, for he knows he is up against a pretty stiff proposition broadcast by the United Broadcasting Company and associated stations through the courtesy of the General Velocipede Corporation, makers of Whiz tricycles, Gogo velocipedes, Baby motor trucks, and Attaboy Kiddie Kabs. The crowd is arriving now and it's certainly a great sight. While we're waiting for the ride to begin, perhaps you'd like to hear the English band playing over in Boston.

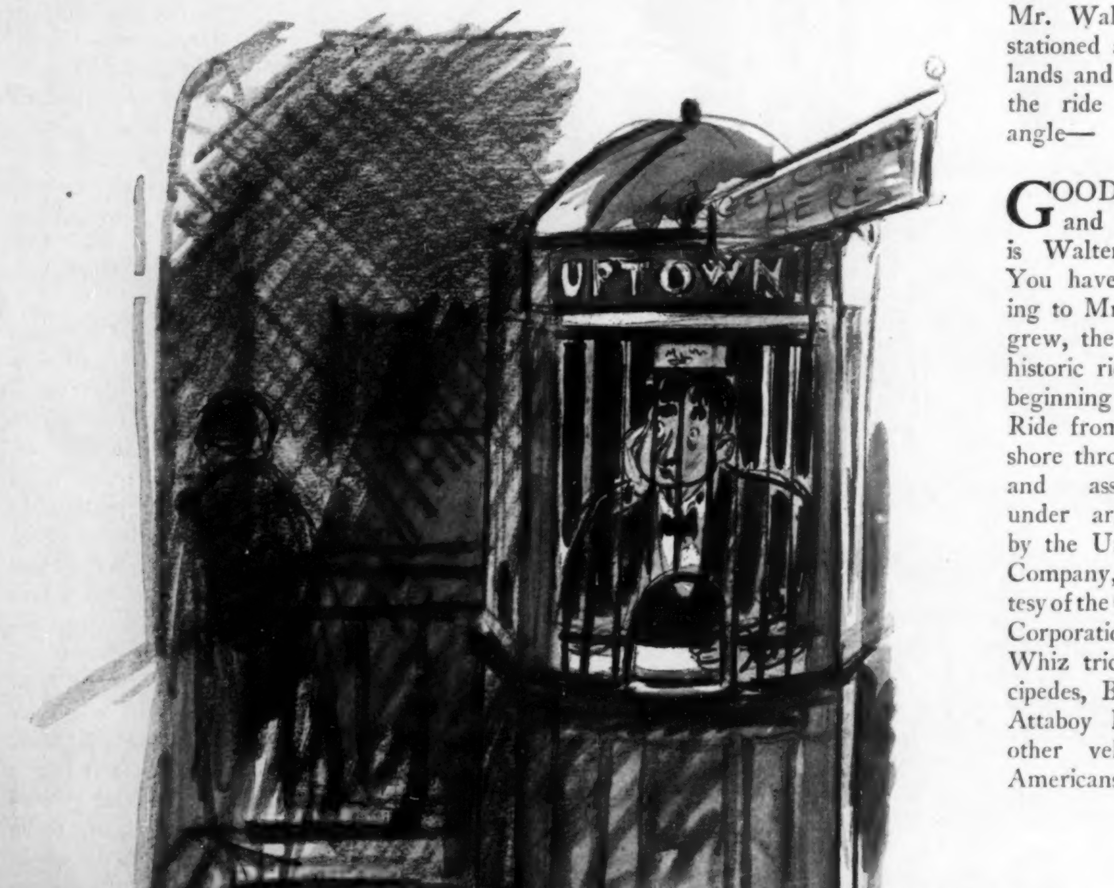
(Sound of a band playing "God Save the King" furiously.)

And now the American band . . . Well, that's a good one on me. I forgot that the Americans are still asleep, or what would Paul Revere be starting off on his ride for? How's that, Phil? Phillips Carlin is here, and he says it's certainly a good one on me. Huh, huh, huh.

Well, Paul is standing here, booted and spurred, and—

There it is—one light—no, there's another—Paul Revere is springing to his saddle, and I want to tell you that's no easy job when a horse backs away as this one does—easy there—Paul is springing again—he's on—*no he isn't, he's falling off*—no, he's on again—he's trying to get the horse turned round—the horse seems to want just one last drink in the river before he goes—but Paul's got him turned clear round—he's digging in his spurs—the horse is wincing—the horse has caught on to the idea—the horse is walking off—faster—faster—it's running—oh, boy, how it's running—*he's gone.*

Folks, this is certainly a wonderful ride. I've seen a good many riders, but I never saw one stick on a horse as pluckily as Paul did just now. With a spirit like that, I haven't the slightest doubt that he'll get to Lexington and Concord. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to turn the microphone over to Mr. Walter Duff, who is stationed at Medford Highlands and will tell you how the ride looks from that angle—



"Jupiter, I wish we'd get the seven-cent fare! I'm sick o' nickels."

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Walter Duff speaking. You have just been listening to Mr. Lawrence Pettigrew, the famous expert on historic rides, describing the beginning of Paul Revere's Ride from the Charlestown shore through Station WOOF and associated stations, under arrangements made by the United Broadcasting Company, through the courtesy of the General Velocipede Corporation, makers of Whiz tricycles, Gogo velocipedes, Baby motor trucks, Attaboy Kiddie Kabs, and other vehicles for young Americans. I'm here at

Medford Highlands, the half-way point of Paul's Ride—Medford Highlands, the fastest-growing garden suburb of old Boston and the home of the Medford Crowbar Company. It's twelve o'clock by the village clock, and cold too.... How's that, Phil? Phillips Carlin is right here and he says is it cold enough for me. It certainly is, Phil. Huh, huh, huh.

Well, the moon is just coming up now and I expect Paul will be along any minute now, riding along and—er—striking sparks, and it's going to be a great sight too. They've been saying Paul isn't the rider he used to be, but don't you believe them—I guess they won't talk that way much after tonight.

And here he comes—I think I see him—we can't see very well from this angle yet—wait a minute—yes, it's Paul Revere all right—riding wonderfully—feet in the stirrups—one hand grasping the reins—the other waving in the air to help him keep his balance—he's going by—*look out, Paul*—I tell you, he just about fell off then—he's gone, giving the alarm as he goes, and I may say he alarmed *me* all right when I thought he was going to fall off, huh, huh, huh. But he won't fall off, no, sir, not on a wonderful ride like this, broadcast by the United Broadcasting Company through Station WOOF and associated stations, by courtesy of the General Velocipede Corporation, makers of Whiz tricycles, Gogo velocipedes, and other quality kiddie-bikes. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to turn the microphone over to Mr. Wilbur McNulty, who is stationed at Concord to give you the highlights of the thrilling finish of this wonderful ride—

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Wilbur McNulty, at Concord, Massachusetts, where the shot will shortly be fired that will be heard round the world through the United Broadcasting Company's hookup of fifty-seven radio stations. We will owe the shot, I might add, to the Reliance Rifle Corporation and the Concord Shot Company. Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Duff have told you about the earlier part of Paul Revere's Ride, but perhaps I'd better go over the story to date for the benefit of any who may not have been listening in till just now. Paul Revere saw the signal in the belfry of the Old North Church and got off to a fine start at eleven-thirty-eight Eastern Standard Time. He had a little difficulty getting on his horse, but at Medford Highlands he was going strong and it was one o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, by the village clock when he galloped into Lexington. He had then alarmed fifty-eight people with only twenty-four Middlesex villages and farms to go. William Dawes, on the other hand—perhaps we should have explained that Paul Revere wasn't the only midnight rider—had alarmed thirty-one villages and farms with forty-five to go, which as you will see gives a clear lead to Paul at this point. That's wonderful riding for both men, and whichever man gets here first I'm sure it's going to be the finest ride ever. It's—

And he's coming. The crowd's going wild down the road there as he comes. What's that, Phil? Phillips Carlin is here, and he says they say Paul Revere isn't on his horse. *And he's right. Paul Revere is walking.* He got off the horse to alarm the people—wait a minute, the announcer was wrong there—he got off his horse to alarm the Lexington Terrace Gardens development, *and the horse ran away*. Well, I guess that's a surprise to all of us. If anybody had told me that Paul Revere would get here on foot, I'd have told him he was crazy. Huh, huh, huh. Well, there's certainly no sport on earth like historic rides for upsets. No, sir, there isn't. But a little thing like losing a horse isn't going to stop a lad like Paul. I want to tell you that boy's a born walker. *And he's almost here—the crowd's yelling its head off—he's here—boy, what a walker—come on, Paul—and he's finished.*

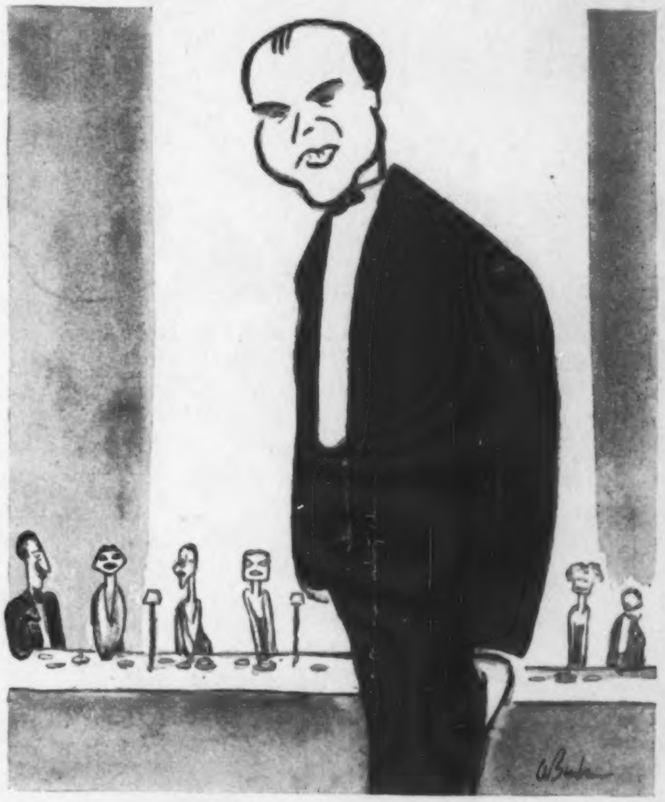
Well, that was certainly a wonderful ride. Say, you folks ought to see this crowd. They've just gone dippy.

Perhaps we can get Paul Revere himself to say something to us—

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen. It was certainly a great ride and I liked it and thank you all for your attention, especially my friends in Scarsdale, New York—

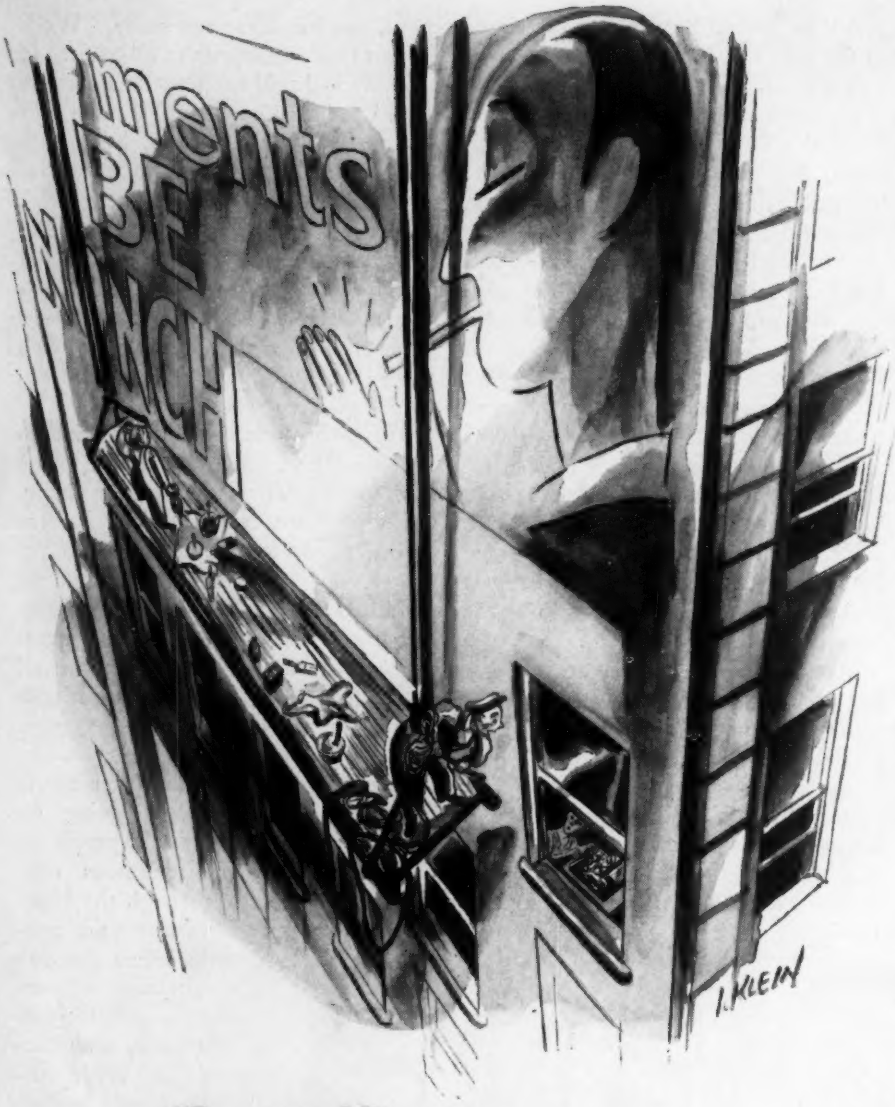
YOU have just been listening to Paul Revere himself giving his message to the American people at the conclusion of his famous ride, which comes to you through the United Broadcasting Company and associated stations, through the kindness of the General Velocipede Corporation, manufacturers of Whiz tricycles, Gogo velocipedes, Baby motor trucks, Attaboy Kiddie Kabs, and other vehicles for junior riders. Tomorrow at twelve-fifteen, Eastern Standard Time, the Battle of Concord will be broadcast by the United Broadcasting Company through the courtesy of the Zo-Zo Biscuit Company, manufacturers of Buttersnap Wafers and many other famous delicacies. This is Station WOOF speaking. The next feature on our program tonight, ladies and gentlemen, will be Al Wolfe's famous orchestra in a series of selections from the big New York success, "Little Miss Medici."

—FREDERICK L. ALLEN



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

The fact that people with their names in the papers still haunt the Algonquin is undoubtedly due to Georges. Even-tempered, tactful, tender yet firm where artistic temperament is concerned, he commands obedience.



*"Excuse me, Miss,
but how do you spell 'nonchalant'?"*

• •

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CALVINESE

In the year of our Lord
1776 the people declared the eternal
Right to seek happiness, self-
Government and the divine duty to
Defend that right at any sacrifice.
In
1787 assembled in convention they made
A charter of perpetual union of
Free people of sovereign States establishing a government of limited powers.
Under an independent president,
Congress
And court charged to provide security for
All citizens in their enjoyment of liberty,
Equality and justice.
—From a history of the United States, by Calvin Coolidge, philosopher and poet of the twentieth century, A. D.

In the days of the wild turkey
And of the yellow Indian corn
The people, fed up with King George,
Dumped their tea by night
In the waters of Boston Harbor,
Hung a lantern in a tower, and gave England
What was coming to her.
"That," the rebels said, wiping their bayonets,
"Is that."
Free of the mother country
And darned glad of it, they made
George Washington head man.
He was a retired army officer and a good guy.
So gradually they drew up a constitution—
Something to go by.
"Maybe some day," said the early Americans,
"We'll amend it."

—E. B. W.

OF ALL THINGS

THE army of the unemployed has obtained few recruits since our last meeting. Among those declining hearty invitations to enlist are Claudius Huston, Secretary Davis, Judge Moscowitz, Whalen, and Raskob.

•

Dispatches show that Ruth Hanna McCormick won the Senate nomination with the aid of the Anti-Saloon League and the dripping-wet Bill Thompson machine. Obviously the result is a defeat for England.

•

Captain Hawks received many deserved tributes from our citizens. It is a pretty big thing to discover a new way to get from San Diego to New York.

•

The Board of Aldermen refuses to permit lower taxicab rates but this only brings up a problem which has baffled our best and second-best minds. Why is the Board of Aldermen?

•

The Alabama editor who was not allowed to have a fist fight with Senator Black need not despair. One can always get a good job being hit on the chin by Carnera.

•

After exhaustive research, Dr. Papez finds that woman's brain is as good as man's. This, as we understand it, is par for the course.

•

Babe Ruth is suffering from a "tear at the bifurcation of the gastrocnemius." This is a stylish form of charleyhorse suitable to a forty-thousand-dollar leg.

•

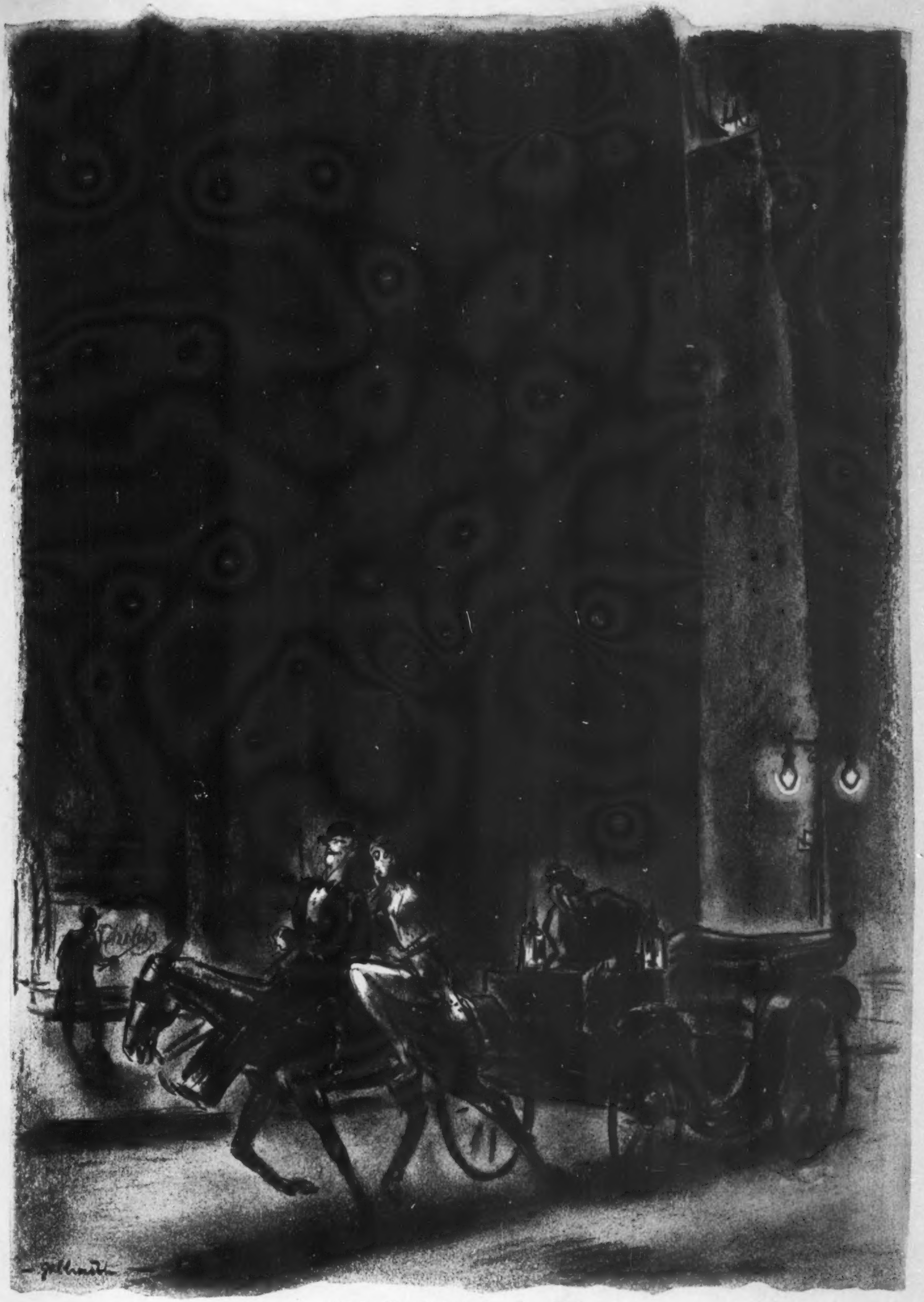
A question of etiquette arises. Should a woman census-enumerator be addressed as "Countess"?

•

The Government's sale of Hog Island to Philadelphia shows how the cost of necessities has gone down under wise G.O.P. rule. The price tag reads: "Was 53 million, now 3 million."

•

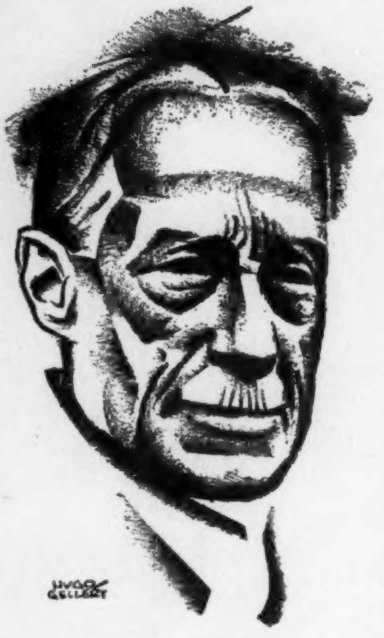
We were beginning to feel pretty good about the *Digest* poll when the Drys pointed out that the wine-and-beer boys must be counted as nonresident members of their club. You can't win. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



"My God! My husband!"

PROFILES

GADGET-MAKER



Elmer A. Sperry

TWO years ago the National Academy of Sciences was in turmoil over the pending election of Thomas A. Edison. The immortals of the Academy conceded Mr. Edison a place in history, but they insisted that luck had played too large a part in his career. The Wizard knew nothing of the Higher Sciences, and gloried in his shame. Mr. Edison was finally elected, fortunately for the reputation of the Academy, and one of the members who applauded heartily was Elmer A. Sperry. As the meeting adjourned, he walked softly over to a colleague.

"All during the discussion about Edison," he said, "I kept saying to myself, 'Sperry, how the hell did you get in?' "

This was not modesty as much as a fellow feeling for Edison's methods. Sperry prides himself that he is a member of the new order; he makes speeches pointing to the advantages of research, formally organized and carefully plotted, in contrast to the lonely tinkering of the old-time inventor. At sixty-nine, however, he looks back across more than fifty years during which he has fussed with this gadget and with that. At nineteen he had perfected one of the first arc lights. A year or so later he was inventing mining machinery, developing new trolley cars, producing caustic soda in some newfangled way. In the nineties he patented a storage battery which enabled the electric automobile to run the astonishing distance of one hundred miles. The Sperry gyroscope, the searchlight, the gyro-compass, and the weird Metal Mike, which serves as automatic helmsman for most large steamers, are merely the best-known of his creations.

ORGANIZED research has an impersonal quality. Transatlantic telephony, for instance, came into being because innumerable scientists worked out the details; no one man can call himself its parent. Research has done away with races to the Patent Office, with absent-minded inventors who sometimes won glory and more often lost everything to smart promoters. It has eliminated, too, much of the exhilaration which came when uncertainty gave way to accomplishment. Elmer Sperry, although he has adopted some of the new ways and works with trained assistants, is still close enough to the old order to find elation in the children of his brain.

Sperry has none of the diffidence supposedly inherent in the man of science regarding his inventions. They become alive as he talks of them; "he," "that fellow," "that brute" are the terms he uses. No youthful father, forcing the bright sayings of little Johnnie on reluctant neighbors, could show more pride than Sperry exhibits when he discusses his device which detects flaws in steel rails. Metallurgists had been seeking this for years, and concluded it was an impossibility. Then Sperry invented a detector which responds when electrical currents, being passed through the rail, come into contact with hidden fissures. The apparatus is mounted on a car and pulled along the track; a cancerous growth in the rail, invisible but likely to cause a wreck, is recorded on a dial. In addition, the soft spot is automatically marked with white paint. A rail thus marked, when taken out and dropped from a moderate height, always breaks exactly at the paint mark. It was for this invention that Sperry this year received the Gary Medal of the American Iron and Steel Institute.

Being proud of his inventions, Sperry is anxious to have them understood by the layman. To a casual visitor to the Sperry Building in Brooklyn, he will hold forth on the gyro-compass. He waves an arm toward two or three chairs near his desk and tells his guest to imagine that "he"—the gyro—is sitting in one of them.

"If he were in that chair," he says, "he could pipe up and tell us lots of things. 'I know more than you mortals,' he would say. 'I can feel this chair moving around the earth's axis. I know the exact direction in which this axis lies in relation to the city, even to this room. I know these things instinctively.' "

Sperry then pauses and demands: "Isn't that wonderful?"

HIS interest in the gyroscope began when his three sons were small boys. Sperry had brought them a gyroscope top to play with, but kept it himself most of the time. He knew, as all physicists did, that the gyro had astonishing possibilities; even in the eighties patents for a gyro-compass, which never worked, were issued. It was soon Sperry's leading passion. The sons were deluged with gyroscopic toys. Sperry accumulated a library on the subject.

By 1910 he had decided that the gyro's omniscience could be employed for a compass far superior to the old magnetic type, which does not point to the true north. The gyro-compass gives the exact direction of the earth's axis, and thus the mariner is able to determine his position without worrying about the magnetic pole. This is particularly important on steel ships, where the steel throws the magnetic compass even more out of line. From the compass was evolved Metal Mike, a personification of which Sperry is particularly proud, which is connected to the steering apparatus of ocean liners. Metal Mike, the wonder of human helmsmen in the Seven Seas, mechanically carries out the supernaturally accurate orders of the gyro-compass. The slightest deviation from a proper course is immediately corrected; the gyro-compass is really geared to the helm.

The earnings of this clever pair built the Sperry Building near the Manhattan Bridge Plaza in Brooklyn, a throbbing eleven-story structure where they are manufactured together with other Sperry gadgets. Sperry was leaving his office one morning when three seagoing men rolled up to him. They were the navigator and his two assistants on one of the largest liners.

"We had to shake the hand," they rumbled, "of the man who thought up Metal Mike. Mike just brought us in through a fog. We came right over."

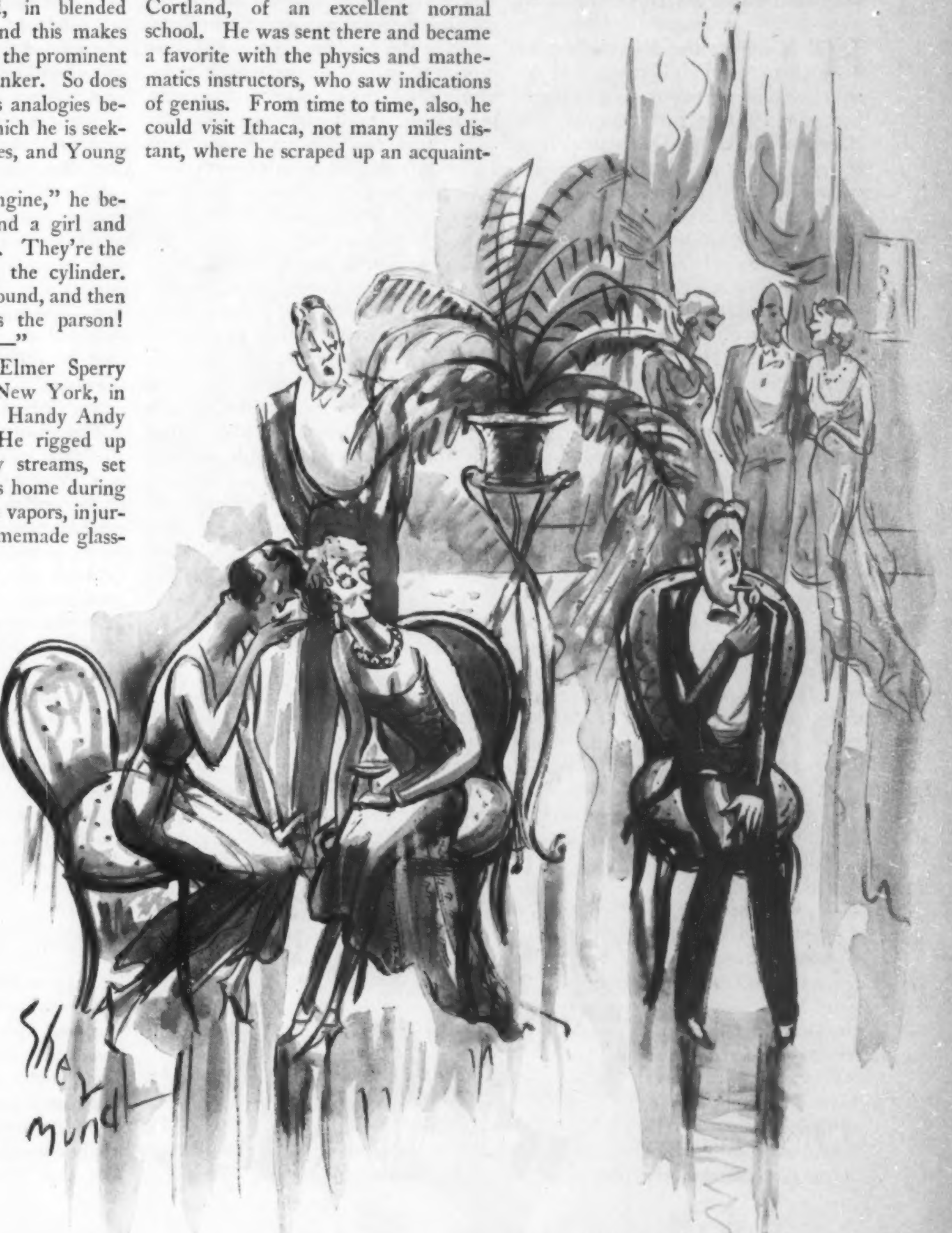
ALTHOUGH the traits of the inventor are strong in him, Sperry has none of the eccentricities common to the species. Had not an insatiable curiosity seized him when he was a boy, and etched a kind of quizzical alertness on his face, he would have all the surface characteristics of the conventional successful American. He is well tailored. His white hair and mustache give the required distinction. He is obviously prosperous; but his eyebrows are permanently raised, in blended wonder and pleasure, and this makes him differ radically from the prominent lawyer, the plutocratic banker. So does his conversation, with its analogies between Diesel engines, which he is seeking to perfect for airplanes, and Young Love.

"Take an ordinary engine," he begins. "Here's a boy and a girl and they want to get married. They're the air and the gasoline in the cylinder. They chase each other around, and then comes a spark. That's the parson! Now in a Diesel engine—"

In his early years—Elmer Sperry was born in Cortland, New York, in 1860—he was a sort of Handy Andy in the neighborhood. He rigged up water-wheels on nearby streams, set fire to the veranda of his home during experiments with benzine vapors, injured a playmate with a homemade glass-blowing outfit, and was generally known as "that Sperry boy," bright but unstable. An aunt took care of him, because his mother died soon after he was born, and this lady dubiously called him "Aunty's Old Fusser." His method then, as now, was to try half-a-dozen things at the same time, add to his scattered knowledge of physics and chemistry, and jot down his conclusions in an ever-present notebook. He still carries one with him, wherever he happens to be, and he is on the last pages of No. 78. Most of the others are in a safe, carefully guarded. They are an index to enormous labor behind the four hundred patents he has filed.

Two influences saved him from diffusing his knowledge too far. One was a puritanical New England heritage; the second was the location, at Cortland, of an excellent normal school. He was sent there and became a favorite with the physics and mathematics instructors, who saw indications of genius. From time to time, also, he could visit Ithaca, not many miles distant, where he scraped up an acquaintance with professors in the Cornell University engineering schools. He entered Cornell, on graduating from the normal school, but remained just a year. Too many ideas were seething in his brain, so he returned to Cortland and began work on his arc light. He soon obtained some capital and had a lamp on exhibition in Syracuse. Then additional funds were offered and he moved to Chicago where, at twenty, he became the owner of a factory for the production of the arcs.

Like most inventors, Sperry has slight talent for business. Unlike many



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"Oh, he was the funniest thing last Saturday."

of them, he knows it, and has left the management of his enterprises to others. The profits made him a millionaire, but he knew that any surplus funds were in danger as long as they remained within reach. In consequence the Sperry Development Corporation was organized as a subsidiary of the Sperry Gyroscope Company. Sperry was president, and had entire control over certain funds allocated for experiment and research work. The parent company was sold, about a year ago, to the Curtiss air interests, and Sperry now limits his activities to the rail detector and the Diesel engine.

HE is one of the few civilians to whom the High Command of the navy will listen with respectful attention. In 1911 a gyro-compass was placed on the U.S.S. Delaware. In a few years they had been installed on other first-line ships, and Sperry was a familiar figure in navy circles. He thought up several devices to assist navigation under the hazards of battle; his gyroscope ship-stabilizer was installed on battleships so that the big guns could be fired with accuracy during heavy storms. He experimented with depth-bombs and torpedoes during the war. In 1915 he became a member of the Navy Consulting Board. The year before, the navy had asked him to develop a new searchlight, pointing out that the range of guns had increased greatly and that the beams of light then in use did not carry far enough. From this work developed one of his most successful inventions. Through a so-called "high-intensity" arc, and with the use of reflectors, Sperry created more than one billion candlepower. His searchlights are today used throughout the world. They helped London and Paris beat off air raids. They now, as aërial beacons, guide aviators to landing fields.

In 1920 the new arc was adapted to motion-picture projection. S. L. Rothafel, dreaming of the cavernous Roxy Theatre, asked Sperry to ponder the problem of customers in far-distant galleries. The old-style light would not give sufficient illumination to the screen in so vast a cathedral. Sperry worked on it for a time, again with success. His lights are also used in the studios, particularly now that the talkies have made outdoor shots more difficult.

THE sale of his varied interests to Curtiss has brought comparative quiet into Sperry's life. He retained two or three engineers who do the preliminary experimentation and who come to his desk to report. Visually-minded to an unusual degree, Sperry seizes a sheet of paper and draws diagrams while the engineer talks. The assistant soon goes out with enough ideas to keep him busy for a week. This is fortunate, for Sperry's health has worried his family, and the doctors insist that he can no longer stand the strain of the machine shops. His conception of limited activity would, however, drive most men to nervous prostration. He does not come into his office until noon, but he often telephones directions to his private secretary before she has left her home. He sometimes works at night until two or three o'clock in the morning.

The loss of his son, Lawrence, who was drowned in the English Channel soon after the war, was a shock from which he has never fully recovered. Lawrence was, perhaps, more like his father than the other two boys; they had experimented on a gyro-stabilizer for airplanes together, and had carried the work so far that it points the way to safety in the air. These patents, too, have been taken over by Curtiss. A second tragedy occurred when Mrs. Sperry died in Havana in March. They were married in Chicago in 1887. Until this last trouble, life had been, on the whole, satisfactory, with Sperry growing old gracefully, delighting in the honors that came to him. He divides his time between a country place at Bellport, Long Island, and his home in the Prospect Park section of Brooklyn. To Brooklyn, he is militantly loyal, believing it the best of all the boroughs and growing irritated when friends speak of moving to Manhattan, a region inhabited by foreigners. His recreations are walking and the movies. Although he can grasp the intricacies of a blueprint swiftly, he used to be slow in reading the cinema captions and made his friends read them aloud. The talkies were a godsend to his friends.

SPERRY has rigid ideas concerning morals and is an ardent prohibitionist. Like his taste for gadget-making, this started during his boyhood. The scrapes in which he found himself, such as the burning of the veranda, came from a scientific urge, not from small-boy mischief. He was a sober youth who started the Sabbath each week by attending lugubrious services at the local jail, a custom in small towns, in the early morning. He was a faithful member of the Cortland Young Men's Christian Association.

Sperry's leanings toward ultra-morality sometimes disturb certain of his fellows in the realm of science. He must frequently make speeches, attend receptions, and greet distinguished visitors. The minority who criticize him wish that he did not have such stern ideas regarding prohibition. On one or two occasions it has made true hospitality difficult.

Three or four of them were accordingly astonished, after a banquet at a Washington hotel. Sperry had approached to ask whether his address had been satisfactory. Assured that it had been, he beamed with pleasure.

"Well, that's nice," he said. "Now come upstairs with me. We'll have a little celebration."

The bewildered scientists stumbled after him, noticing, for the first time, that he had concealed a package under his dinner coat. Reaching his room, Sperry closed the door, threw himself into an easy chair, and slyly produced the package. It was a two-pound box of chocolates, a delicacy which his doctors had forbidden.

—HENRY F. PRINGLE

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BRIEF BLOSSOMING

There is nothing lovelier
On the wide and windy loom
Of spring than orchards turning white,
Than apple trees whose fragile bloom
Leans briefly in the amber air
And blows to nothing overnight.
Oh, brave must be the trees to bear
Beauty whose heart is winged for flight!

—FRANCES M. FROST

THE THEATRE

CHECKING UP

IT isn't going to take us long to dispose of the week's routine business at this meeting. I am filing the following report (in triplicate) with the Secretary, merely for the records:

(1) "They Never Grow Up," by Humphrey Pearson, is about a business-man with mother-in-law trouble who wants to play cowboy and who ends up by running away with a señorita in a yellow negligee. The señorita speaks that old Nubi-talk, using broken English even when conversing with her Mexican friends. Legally, this let me out right at the start, but I stayed through because I like to watch Otto Kruger act.

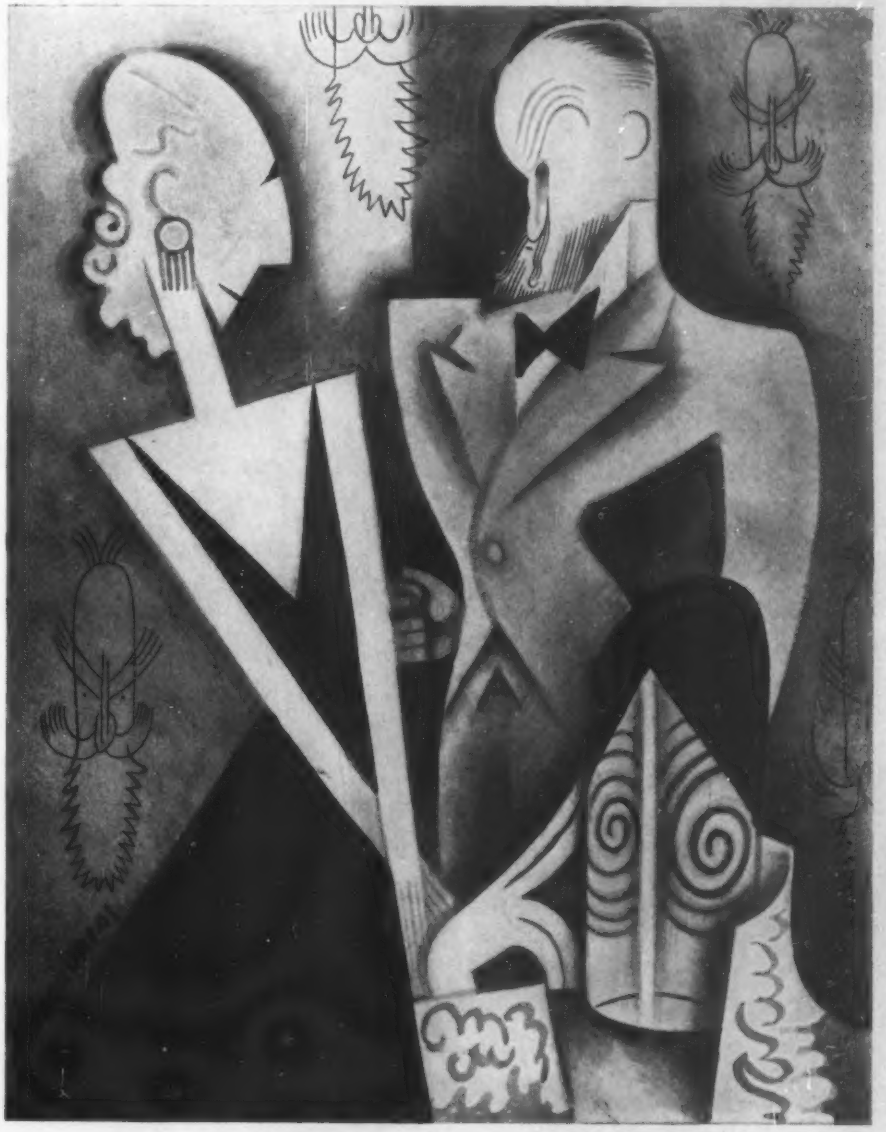
(2) "Jonica" is the kind of musical comedy which entertains enormously a lot of people whom you never have seen before. It has some pretty bad gags which the police wouldn't understand, some tunes which you have heard in part before, and some excellent chorus-dancing in trick formations arranged by Pal'mere Brandeaux, if I have copied my program correctly. It also has Miss Joyce Barbour, whom we would rather see in some other show, and a lot of other people named Earle Dewey, Nell Roy, Harry Shannon, Jerry Norris, and June O'Dea, respectively.

(3) "Live and Learn" is produced by Michael Kallesser and written by Lincoln Kalworth. Michael Kallesser is Lincoln Kalworth, or Lincoln Kalworth is Michael Kallesser, which accounts for "Live and Learn" having been produced at all.

NOW we can get down to the real purpose of this meeting, which is to explain why a lot of you folks who go to see shows which have been highly recommended by us dramatic critics write in and say: "I took your advice and went to see '— —— – ——' the other night. If a show like that can run a year, my father can run to Los Angeles."

We scribblers see a play on the opening night, or during its first week. Everybody in the cast is on his or her toes, or on some other person's toes, and the best possible performance is given. In our notices we say: "Acted by an excellent cast" or some other equally distinctive and vivid phrase. And then we go on and see some other shows.

You may not get around to taking our advice until the thing has been running eight months or a year. By this time, unless they are remarkably conscientious actors, or unless they are closely watched by Teacher, the cast have begun to slide. Perhaps they are reciting their lines like the clerk in court who insists on people's telling "thetruththewhole truthandnothingbutthetruth sohelpyouGod." Perhaps they are mugging or kidding or romping or telling each other funny stories under their breath. Perhaps they aren't even the same cast which opened in the play. By the time one or two road companies have been sent out, what are known as "replacements" are effected in the



"THE APPLE CART"

Somewhere during Mr. Shaw's discourse on Kings, Miss Violet Kemble Cooper and Mr. Tom Powers have opportunity to disport themselves on the stage of the Alvin Theatre. Below them, to the right, is a more or less conventionalized portrait of Miss Helen Westley thinking bitter things about the villain of the piece: Breakages, Ltd.

original company, usually at a saving of perhaps a thousand dollars a week to the management. That is why it is sometimes difficult to recognize faces in the photographs in the frame outside the lobby. All this may happen between the time we see the play and the time you get around to taking our word for it.

SO, being in a nasty mood (and having nothing else to do) I have made a little tour of the old, established hits of the town, spying on the performers and checking up the show they are giving now with the show I saw at the opening. Unfortunately for the point I was hoping to make, most of them are holding up remarkably well. It hardly paid me to make the rounds.

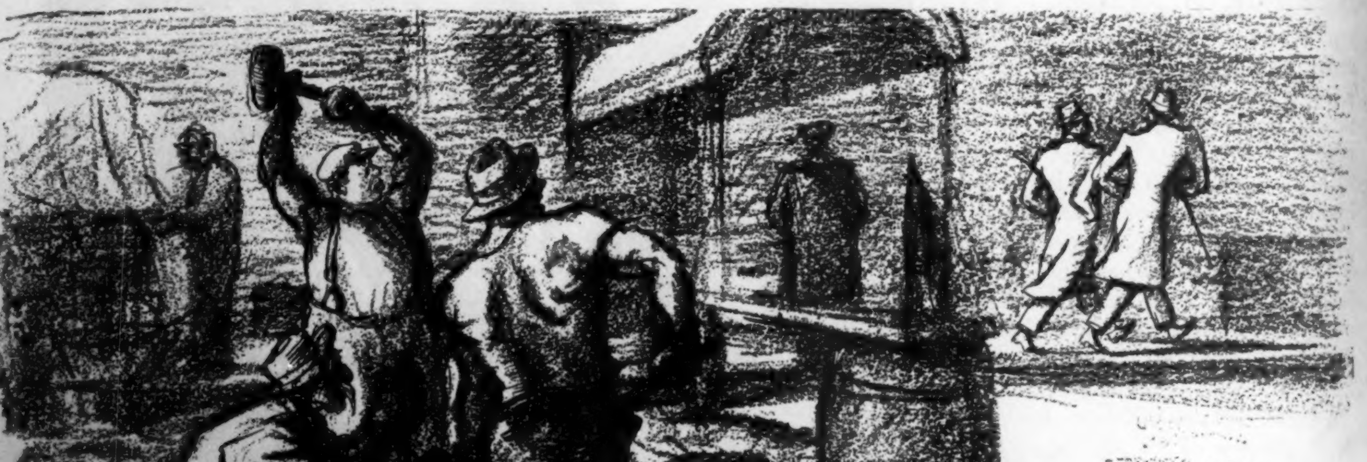
In some of them, however, I discovered why recent clients have resented my early enthusiasm. "Street Scene," having been running longest of all (since January 10, 1929), has let down most noticeably. This is due, however, not so much to the old members of the cast as to the new ones which Mr. Brady has seen fit to rush in as substitutes. Such earnest players as Beulah Bondi and Leo Bulgakov are giving just as good performances as they did over a year ago. Some of the charter members entrusted with comedy lines are romping a bit (it is usually the comics who go sour first) but the general shoddiness which has crept into the production is largely the result of the novitiates who seem to be learning their trade at the expense of the customers. Mr. Rice, the author and director, has gone to Europe, and Mr. Brady, the producer, has been ill, and "Street Scene" is nowhere near as good as it was when it won the Pulitzer Prize.

"Bird in Hand," which has been running along since April 4, 1929, has not suffered so much by replacements, although it, too, misses several members of the original cast. There must be more good English actors at liberty from which second choices can be made, or perhaps there are just more good English actors. I do not remember the names of those who have gone, but, aside from the fact that the new ones are not quite such definite types as their predecessors, the play has not suffered by their substitution. There is a little more clowning and comical walking in some of the farce, but this is probably due to the fact that, by now, the audiences are of a class to demand it.

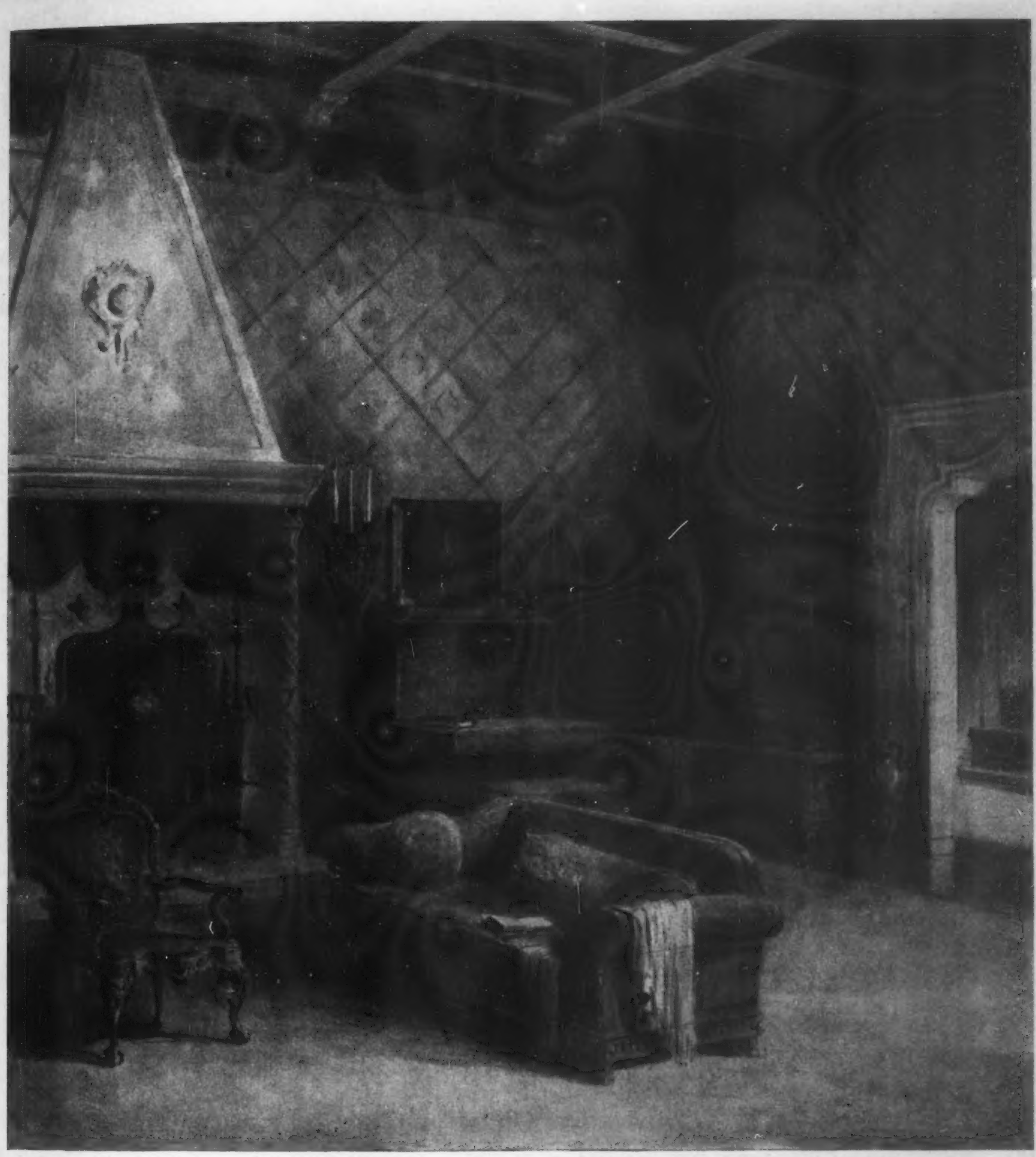
Of course, one must take into consideration that, by the time a play has run a year, the audiences have changed even more than the cast could ever change. Nobody knows where they come from, but along about the seventh month they seem mostly to have been recruited from the boardwalk at Coney Island. These people want their comedy good and loud, and a distended cheek or a duck-waddle is more to them than a good line quietly spoken. If the comics are the first to go sour in a long run, it is because they have had ample encouragement from their new public.

The all-British cast of "Journey's End," now a little over a year on their job, seem to be holding up very well under the strain of twelve months of shelling. They have grown perhaps a little more British, with a resultant disappearance of vowels, and Captain Stanhope has allowed himself to give the impression of being even sicker of the war than the author intended, but, in general, one may see "Journey's End" now and get much the same devastating reaction that we, on the opening night, were privileged to suffer.

THE theory that comedians are more prone to grow slipshod after a long stretch of being funny, a theory so ably enunciated earlier in this report, is apparently disproved before the ink is dry on the paper. "It's a Wise Child" and "Strictly Dishonorable," two of the veteran comedies of the town, are, as near as I could detect, being done with just as much finesse now as they were early last fall. Of course in the case of "It's a Wise Child," the text did not call for much finesse for preservation, but there was plenty of



"Cripes! Look at the shoulders on them guys."



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chance for the cast to get a little tired of their foolery and to prance a bit for their own diversion. I could detect none of this on the night of my spying expedition. It is still one of the minor works of the season, but it is still funny in spots and I must award everyone connected with it an "A" in deportment.

As for "Strictly Dishonorable," I think that whatever complaints my tardier clients may have are due to the fact that they just don't like Southern talk, good or bad. Miss Kirkland has perhaps added just a dash of honey to her mixture since that memorable night when the play opened, and there may be those to whom honey is irritating, even when it is meant to be, but, taken at a springlike matinée, which is a test few performances could come through, "Strictly Dishonorable" gave the final negative to the theory that comedy grows soft with age.

SO my little snooping expedition resulted in nothing more valuable than a practically clean bill of health for the Old Guard. I would say that it served me right, were it not for the fact that I had a good time seeing the plays again, for I had forgotten how good some of them are. I still think, however, that these little surprise attacks might be kept up. You never can tell; one of these nights an actor might be feeling ill or have just heard of the loss of all his money, and then we could jump on him for letting down.

AND now, having checked up on the actors, I will check up on myself. Last week, having left my brain in the other suit when it went to be pressed, I said that Miss Lula Vollmer, author of "Troyka," had previously played the old woman in "Sun-Up" and had followed that with a performance of Shylock. I even waxed sarcastic about it. As everyone, including me, knows, Lula Vollmer *wrote* "Sun-Up" and it was Lucille La Verne who acted in it and in "The Merchant of Venice." My error was nothing but gross, palpitating stupidity. *I* should go around spying on actors.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

WANTED—the seemingly impossible—one room apartment in Manhattan for immediate occupancy. Kitchenette. Bath. Privacy. Preferably furnished. $30-$35 monthly. Ritzy neighborhood not essential.—*The Nation.*

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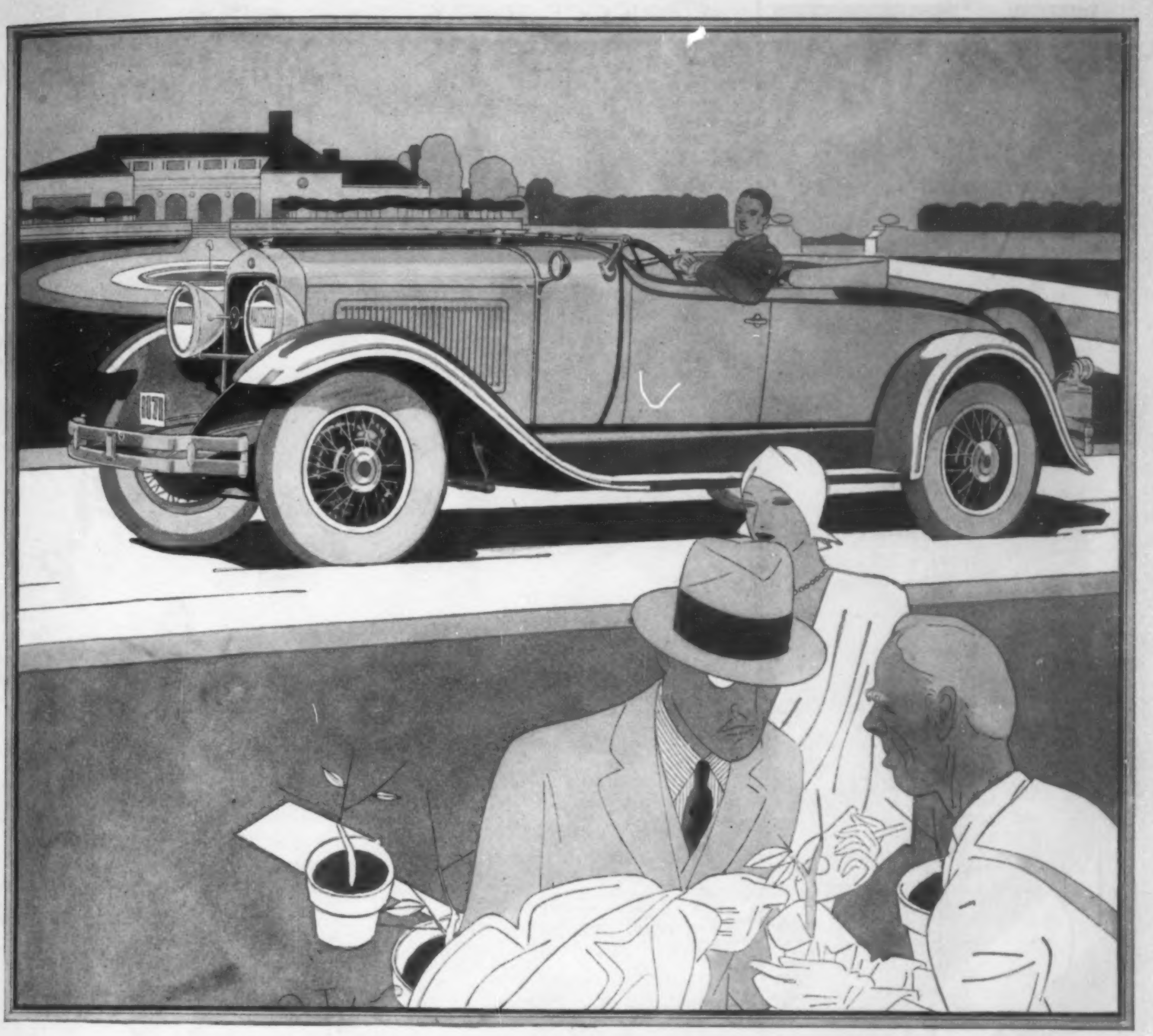

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STORIES OF TODAY

I—MISTAKE

Lawrence Potsczynski,
Professional panhandler,
Knocked at the door
Of 17349 Dwyer Street
In Detroit, Michigan.

It was a fatal error.

His wife,
Deserted years ago,
Answered the door,
Recognized him,
Laid him low with a broom,
And sent him to jail.

II—DETERIORATION

The iron fibre
Of Tommy Atkins
Is degenerating.

The latest report
Of the commissary
For the British army
Includes chewing gum
In soldiers' rations.

III—DIRECT ACTION

Residents complained
In Beacon, New York,
That the operation
Of the local trolley cars
Seriously interfered
With the smooth reception
Of their radio sets.

The village trustees
Thereupon ordered
The trolley line removed.

IV—PRECIOUS

When ex-President Coolidge
Threw away a cigar butt
In Los Angeles,
A crowd of souvenir-hunters
Started a fight for it.

A woman was the victor.
She tenderly wrapped it
In a handkerchief,
Put it in her handbag,
And hurried away.

V—MISCALCULATION

Eugene Christian,
Noted dietitian,
Died in California
At the age of sixty-nine.

And Mr. Christian
Was the author of the book,
"How To Live 100 Years."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, has been a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes, since her recent début at the Ritz.

LOVELY DAUGHTER of the brilliant alliance of two famous American families! Miss Edith Drexel's recent début recalls the magnificent coming-out party at the Plaza given for her mother when she was Marjorie Gould.

This season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's charm as well as her dark, vivacious beauty, her lovely wide-set eyes and clear, pale olive skin.

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During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting a little to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

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Second—wipe away with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, soft and so absorbent.

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

MOLIÈRE, POCKET EDITION

HOWEVER errant the digressions which may distract you ere the foot of this page is reached, please keep in mind that today's discourse is intended chiefly as a program-note for a highly special performance of "The Would-Be Gentleman," scheduled for a week from next Tuesday afternoon in that endlessly surprising thoroughfare known as West Fourteenth Street. This note is written by one who is familiar enough with the abilities of the cast to predict that you will remember the performance all your days. Indeed, I am only sorry that the late M. Molière did not live long enough to attend it. I know he would have particularly relished the spirited and engaging work of an actor named Peter Donald in the rôle of the parvenu, who is so gratified to learn that, all unaware, he has been speaking prose all his life. You cannot discountenance me by saying you never heard of Peter Donald. He is at present less well-known, to be sure, than Ed Wynn, say, or Mei Lan-fang. But give him time. He is not yet twelve.

In order to plunge into rehearsals of his exacting new rôle, Master Donald lightly gave up his more paying part in "Bitter Sweet," when that mannerly Coward operette took to the road a few weeks ago. If you saw "Bitter Sweet" you will recall him as the minute and wordless waiter in the Viennese act, although if you happened to wink while his scene was in progress you may possibly have missed him altogether. In short, his rôle in "Bitter Sweet" was not precisely stellar.

OF course I am not suggesting that an actor is any less an actor because he is vouchsafed only a moment on the stage. Fortunately that whole ugly question was settled five-and-twenty years ago by the English courts in the *cause célèbre* of a young show-girl who had been dismissed from "The Catch of the Season" with only a fortnight's notice, when, as an actress, she would have been entitled to a run-of-the-piece engagement. After three trials she was comforted by a verdict of two hundred pounds and the assurance of a British jury that, having had two lines to speak in "The Catch of the Season," she *was* an actress. Had I been on the jury, I would have contended that she deserved double pay. For the lines were, respectively, "I'm a perfect wonder at hugging widowers—I hardly ever lose a breach" and "Dear old Hyde Park!"

But after all a play sometimes turns on a single word. In her discourses on the art of acting, to which dear Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been lending the sorcery of her wind-in-the-chimney voice hereabouts of late, that great lady has been stressing this point with gusto and illustrating it by the first scene from "Hedda Gabler." Emerging in her dressing-gown, the disdainful and feline Hedda is noisily welcomed by her blunderbuss of a husband. He reminds her jovially that when he himself had got up and dressed that morning, she was sleeping like a log. To this the glacial Hedda replies: "Fortunately."

"Ah, if the actress playing Hedda speaks that one word with the proper vocal cullah," says Mrs. Campbell with her most ravishing and significant leer, "the rest of the play is unnecessary."

BUT to return to the aforesaid revival of "The Would-Be Gentleman" which is being given at the Civic Repertory Theatre by the Professional Children's School on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth and again on the following Friday. This candid outburst of drum-beating is not addressed to those playgoers who sat moist-eyed and chuckling through the same school's performance of "Is Zat So?" a few years ago or of "Merton of the Movies" a few years before that. They know enough to go without being told.

The Professional Children's School is a lively and unique academy sprawled over two floors of the office building at 1860 Broadway. To its classrooms there report daily, throughout the season, at such hours as are quite convenient to its intent, preoccupied, bread-winning matriculates, most of the boys and girls who act in our plays, dance or juggle in our vaudeville acts, or tumble about in our circuses. It is a singularly elastic school, prepared to excuse at a moment's notice any youngster who is due anywhere else, on stage, lot, or sawdust ring—prepared, indeed, to carry out the curriculum by correspondence for the hundred and more kids who, at any one time, are always on tour.

Unless the stage is to be one mass of Julia Hoyts, it must be renewed eternally from among its own people and if our players are to have the early start that somehow makes possible the Duses, the Mrs. Fiskes, and the Mei Lan-fangs of every generation, some method must be found to fend off occasional well-meant but blundering charges to their rescue. The answer is this alert and surprising school which is never so puffed up with pride as on those occasions when some undiscriminating enthusiast for the child-labor laws drags a small trouper before a magistrate and the youngster, by his answers in court, demonstrates that whereas it may be his enviable nightly job to stand on his father's head and wave a flag over at the Orpheum, he is quite as familiar with the eccentricities of the verb "avoir" as any pampered Fauntleroy in town.

If you were to drop over to the Longacre Theatre on May 29 and look in on their commencement exercises, you would find the proceedings orthodox enough, but if you listened to their leave-takings and their small-talk afterwards you would need no British jury to decide for you whether or not they were actors.

I remember how the kid who wanted the rôle of the smuggled child in "Strange Interlude" was fearful of losing it because Lynn Fontanne was dark of tress and his own curly mop was golden. He met that emergency by the aid of the nearest drugstore. Such heroic measures aroused some criticism next day at recess. One little girl (who was "at liberty" at the time, I suspect) eyed the recent brunette morosely.

"I would not dye my hair," she said viciously, "not for a hundred dollars a week, I would not."

"Ah," the boy retorted, "but you would for a hundred and fifty."

I found out later that his salary was seventy-five. Oh, they're actors all right. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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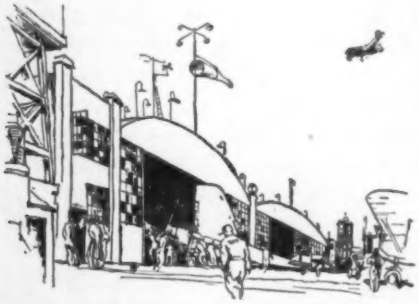
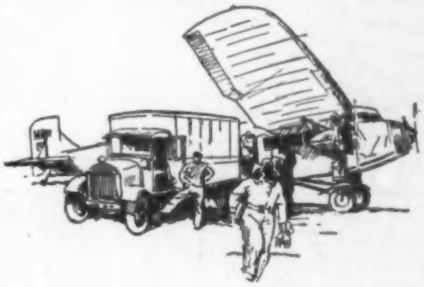


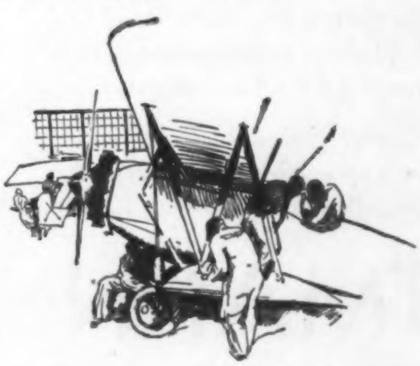
A mile square of land so level and immaculately kept that it resembles a giant billiard table. Long runways radiate fanwise into the wind. Flags mark the boundaries by day, and at night it wears a necklace of bright lights. Other lights flood the field for planes landing after dark. The beacon you see at the corner of the field guides distant night flyers to port. Another probes the sky's "ceiling," or distance from ground to clouds which, with weather reports, is radioed to other ports and to planes flying between.

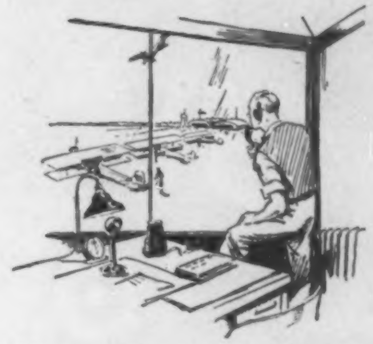
The biggest building at the corner of the Field is the Station. Like the railroad terminal, it is equipped with waiting rooms, rest rooms, restaurant, and separate concourses for incoming and outgoing passengers.

In another sector of the Station air mail, express, and freight are handled. Here you'll see sturdy, winged trucks of the air roll up, unload, and roar away, their "Cyclone" or "Whirlwind" motors still singing sweetly after long hours of hard, dependable flight.



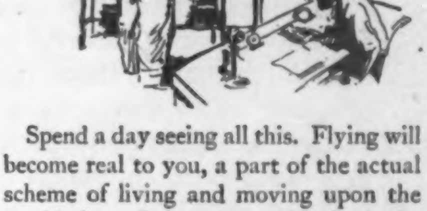
Grouped near the Station are a number of large hangars . . . a great garage for a fleet of trucks and tractors to keep the field smooth . . . a gasoline and oil station . . . a service station and repair shop. Thousands of "Whirlwinds," "Cyclones," and Wright-Gipsies are kept running smoothly, swiftly, and safely by 100 Wright Field Service Plants which dot the map of America.





Next, you'll notice a building looking out over the whole field. This is the Operations headquarters from which field traffic is guided with the precision of the street traffic system in town.

Watch the system at work. Incoming planes have the right of way. A plane receives its signal, advances to take off. From the Field Bureau weather reports are hurried to its pilot. An officer signals . . . the ship streaks down the runway . . . zooms and off . . . with miles of swift, safe, Wright-powered flying ahead . . . and another port far away!



Spend a day seeing all this. Flying will become real to you, a part of the actual scheme of living and moving upon the earth's face. In learning to fly, that's the first step. Take it now, and you'll be on your way to piloting a plane of your own, which Wright wants to help you to do.

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Modern trunks, typified by the good looking Hartmann groups, are spruce looking, colorful, staunchly built affairs. In keeping with the times... flattering to your clothes and immensely practical. In the standard size Hartmann, for example, 10 or 12 suits or costumes travel securely—free of wrinkles and mussing. Plenty of room without crowding for all accessories too.

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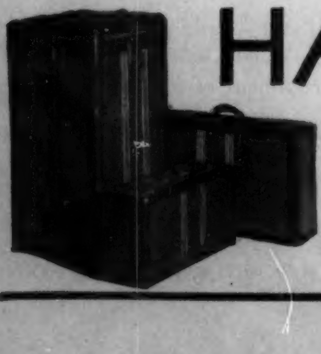

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THE ART GALLERIES

Caviar While You Wait—Pinks and Grays—Tricks

TWO exciting shows at the opposite ends of town enlivened the week while the devout waited for the opening of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition of artists under thirty-five.

The first was of Rouault, at the Brummer Gallery. A liking for Rouault is an acquired taste. His work is strong, so beginners may have to take him in small doses or not at all. There was a period when he did nothing but religious subjects, and since it was during that phase that we first came upon him, we were not impressed. Of all the outworn and hollow motifs in the world, we rank the Holy Family up near the top. This show, however, is out in the open again, and is a thrilling one, for it gives you a genius' interpretation of life based on one of the most savage viewpoints there have been since Toulouse-Lautrec. As a matter of record, we suppose Rouault is something out of Daumier by Toulouse-Lautrec, with the later moderns serving as godparents.

Rouault's "Femme" is perhaps his best-known picture, having been in and out of various shows this winter. That and "Le Clown" offer the easiest approach to an understanding of a brooding commentator who doesn't care whether you are looking or not. In "Le Vieux Mur" and "Qui Est Bon," he has a pleasing simplicity—enough almost to be disarming—and in the landscapes there is a breathtaking use of color that makes you forget entirely the old concepts of picture-making.

The exhibition will be on until May 3, and it is to your advantage to go and see it, harsh though it may be.

THE other zestful show of the week was in Wanamaker's Belmaison, a room dedicated to better homes or something, where the art of Louis Bouché is being presented to the public. We have heard of these panels painted on glass for some time, yet the anticipatory rumors did not destroy our pleasure. The panels are a little too crowded, and would make a better showing in more spacious surroundings, but even as they are, you can get a

EASTER IN THE NEW YORK MANNER

We have discerned a very definite change in the New Yorker's preference for his Easter attire. The cutaway, once considered THE correct garb to wear in the gay throng on the Avenue, now shares honors with our English type of walking suit, THE DIPLOMAT. This suit, consisting of oxford gray coat, vest and striped trousers, is the favorite apparel of fastidious Londoners for formal afternoon occasions. Dignified and urbane, THE DIPLOMAT should be in the wardrobe of every well groomed New Yorker for Sunday strolls and for lounging at the club. $55, $65. Smart accessories "in the New York Manner."

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

"I'm not worried about non-support"

"Loose gums lose teeth . . . so the dentist warned me. Then, at his suggestion, I discovered Tek and that's why I'm not worrying. My gums are a healthy support for my teeth. I know . . . because I'm exercising them every time I brush my teeth. With my old-fashioned brush I used to forget the massage part of it. And, well, that's why gums leave home . . . lack of exercise. But, with Tek, it's different. Tek is wider, and the extra width makes gum massage automatic, unforgettable. Tek is shorter too. Gets around my mouth easily, cleaning all the teeth. Not just hitting the high spots. Funny no one thought of making a brush like this before."

Tek
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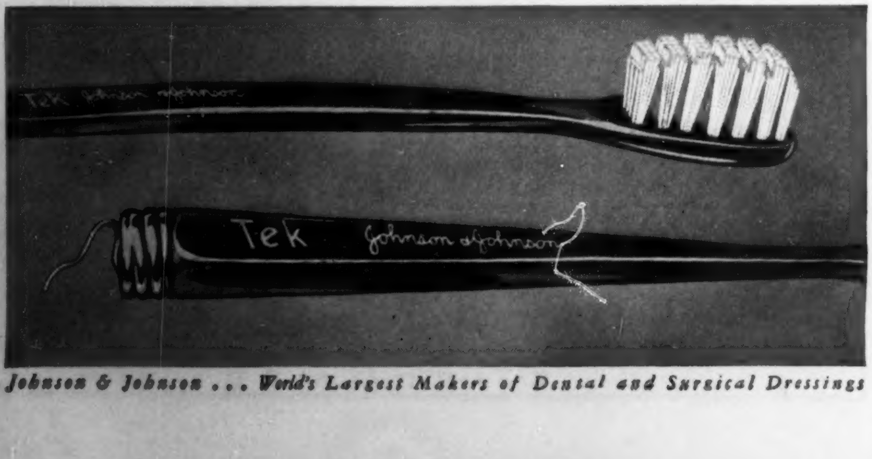
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Johnson & Johnson . . . World's Largest Makers of Dental and Surgical Dressings

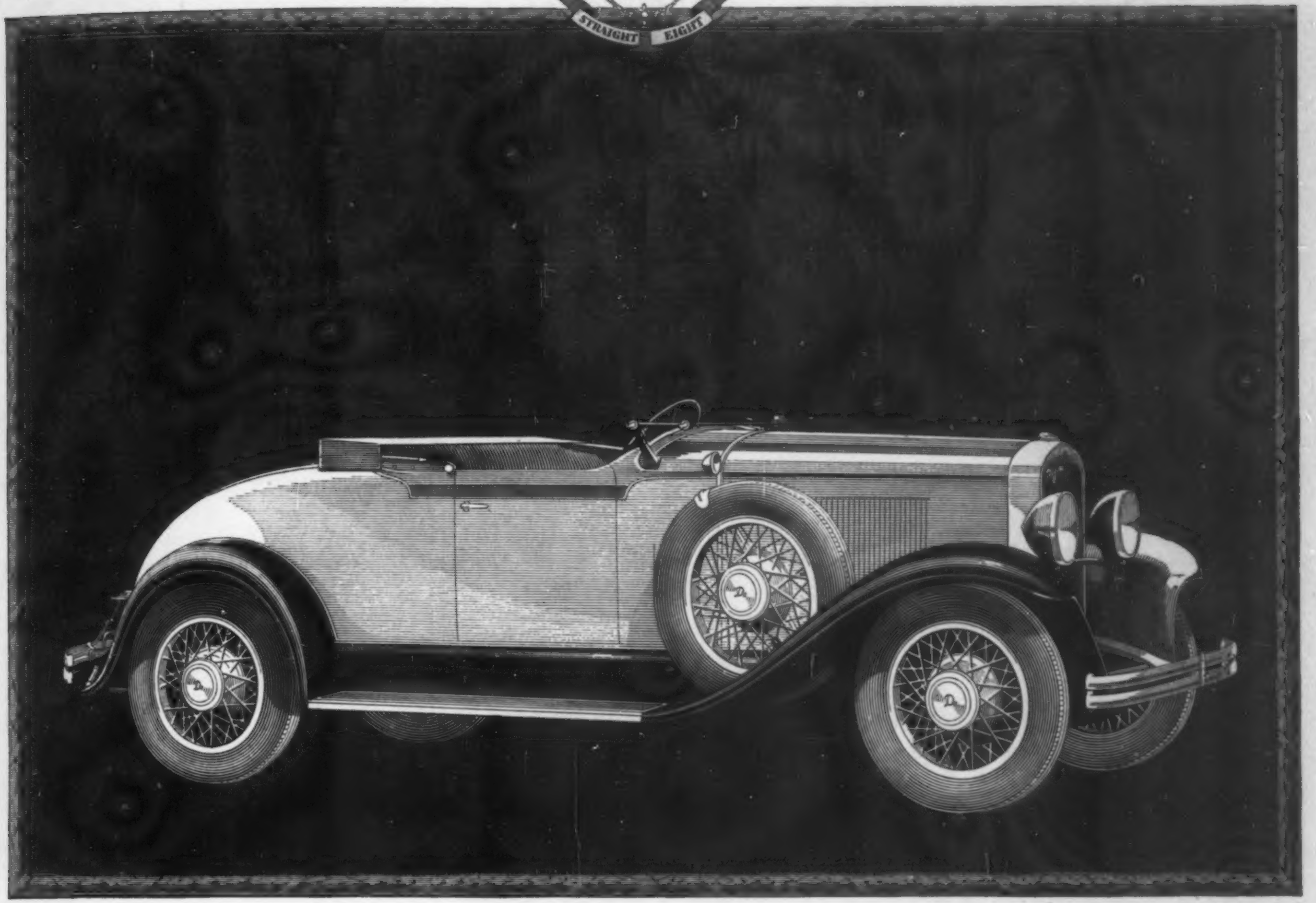
good enough idea from them of this sort of work. While unfortunately they are listed as a form of decoration, they are as much painting as any of the canvases one sees and should be so considered. We found them vividly rich, vibrantly exciting, and altogether satisfactory. Mr. Bouché has taken the Picasso and Braque strains and has added to them something quite worthy of those masters. Here we find abstract art at its most unfettered, yet brought to heel for practical purposes by beauty of color and concept. Mr. Bouché easily leads the American field with his technical and intellectual background.

ALBERT ANDRÉ, who has been showing at Durand-Ruel, is one of those mild Frenchmen who have fallen between two stools. Contemporary with the last days of Renoir, he did not inherit that master's miraculous gift of color, nor did he join the younger men. Consequently he hasn't much to say, and says that little in a manner which has become merely historical and uninteresting. We find him at his best in his confection-like handling of pinks and grays in "Allée d'Amandiers en Fleurs," a lovely thing of its kind. Here we think he has come closest to the tradition he follows. In his several flower pieces, there is a dissonance that hurts our eyes.

ADOLF DEHN and John B. Flannagan share the Weyhe Gallery until April 26. Dehn is a draftsman who has been doing several things very well. He is exceedingly deft, and as a result of a recent sojourn abroad, he has added some new tricks to his trade. His lithographs are refreshing, for he brings to them a lightness that never seems to be considered by the lithographers' union. One series, a landscape studied under varying conditions of light and weather, is well worked out. The snow scene has a fine economy of line.

Flannagan uses wood and the tougher mediums to carve out cats and various things. Most of the pieces have

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT



Thinking people realize that it is possible to have and enjoy fine things without paying a penalty in price. One may have good clothes without indulging in extravagance. A home may be beautiful without being a mansion. And a motor car may be fine in quality and delightful in performance and still be economical in price. ¶ Such a motor car is the new De Soto Straight Eight . . . A car stylishly beautiful without being overly ornate . . . rich without being ponderous. Brimming with power, it is swift, it is smooth, it is thrilling and it is remarkably economical. ¶ When you can have this kind of an eight-cylinder car—of good name, good quality, good style, good comfort and good performance for so low a price—it does seem so utterly unnecessary to pay more.

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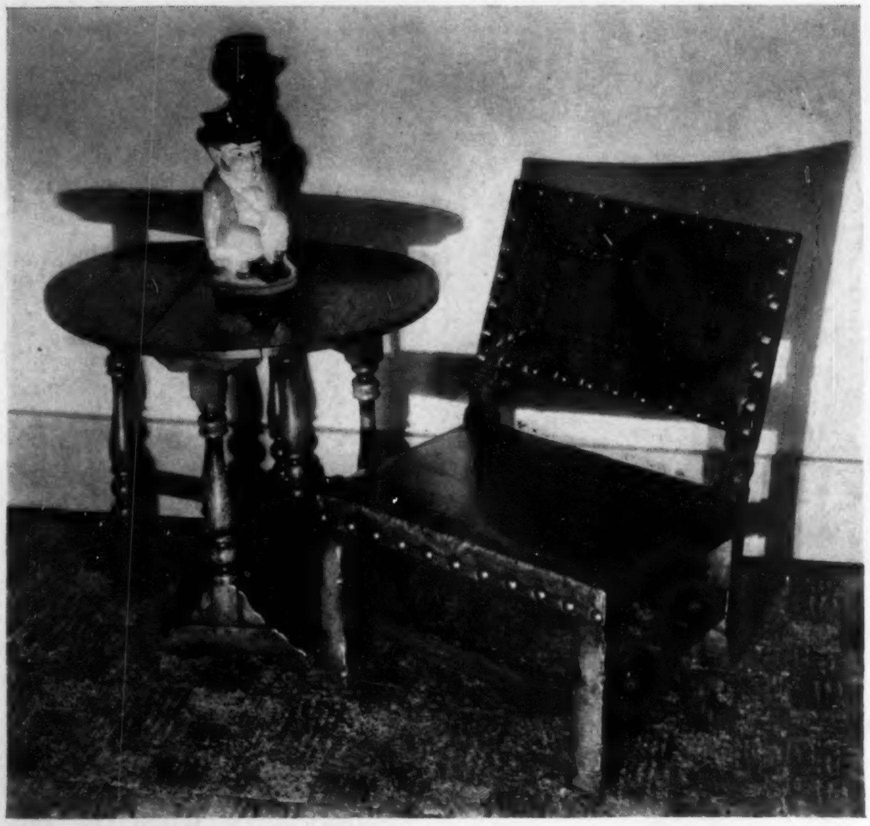


INTERESTING pieces made in England for Macy's. Jolly pieces in deep brown oak, skilfully treated to give it the color and rounded contours of aged wood. Useful chairs of all sizes and shapes—illustrated, a fireside seat, covered in ruddy leather, with brass nails, $29.75. A great variety of small oaken tables—trestle-type, candy-twist gateleg, butterfly and half-console. The fireside table illustrated . . . $39.75

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

humor, and appeal to his large following.

HERE AND THERE: Nura has her paintings and some new sculpture in terra cotta at the Dudensing Gallery. . . . On April 21 the Brooklyn Museum opens an exhibit of models and plans from the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, showing modern developments in architecture. . . . The Allied Artists of America are holding their seventeenth annual exhibit in the Fine Arts Galleries, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street. . . . The Downtown Gallery has a show of paintings by Ben Shahn.

Closing this Saturday: Hanns T. Scheidacker's exhibit of paintings at the Fifteen Gallery. . . . The show of paintings by Nora Benjamin, Caroline Durieux, Susan Frazier, and M. Lois Murphy at the G.R.D. Studio.—M. P.

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—VI

[CAN YOU SOLVE THE ANAGRAMS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING RHYMES? THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 96.]

I

CITES with an "n," or SINCE with a "t,"
This keeps things under the family tree,
You'll find the old ones by "a-n" appending,
"S" makes examples, and is also unending.

II

ROSE with a "v" clearly makes roams,
Then add an "l," these destroy happy homes,
Plus "t," you will see what is done by the Red,
Add "c" and "e," these are on baby's bed.

III

I think I like CLARET much better than tea,
But, with an "e," it's too sweet for me,
To be worn on the sleeve, just scramble with "b,"
Do this, New Year's Eve, by adding an "e."

IV

SAID, plus an "r," you may meet in a bar,
With "p," it's the place where the swift currents are,
Add "e," you will have baby's first underwear,
Add "a" for the land of the newlywed pair.

—ALBERT CARROLL

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NEW YORK INTERIORS: THE SALE

THE auction room—up a flight of granite steps from Park Avenue and just inside an ornate door—was almost empty. There were seats for three or four hundred, arranged like the seats in a small theatre, but only a few of them were occupied. Scattered about the room, a few silent and preoccupied men bent their heads over folded catalogues, fiddled with their pencils, frowned sometimes and never smiled. There was a woman or two.

The room was hung in red; deep velvet red whose surfaces were broken now and again by a splash of brilliant tapestry or an ancient mirror framed in gold. From the ceiling a bright radiance poured down, but the red velvet seemed to absorb it utterly. There was the effect of a great motionless shadow, relieved here and there with a splash of white as the light caught a face momentarily upturned, or the shifting page of a catalogue.

The focal point of the room was a low platform, rising sheer some three or four feet above the floor at the end of the room. The platform was framed in red velvet curtains and in its centre was a small built-up table, also covered with red velvet. An arrangement of hidden lights cast a soft glow upon a book which stood upon this table: a tall book bound in green morocco, very beautiful, with faint gold tooling about its edge. The arrangement of seats was such that any lifted eye would meet the suave sheen of that binding instantly. Yet, curiously enough, there seemed to be some urgent reason for not looking at it. To avoid the necessity, the bent men in the rows of chairs refrained from lifting their eyes.

To the left of the platform was a high desk, resembling nothing so much as the preacher's pulpit in the church of some rugged sect. A tall, lean man stood behind it, gazing out at the lowered heads and turning the pages of his own catalogue. Just beneath him, two young men sat at a desk.

"Lot number two-seventy," said the tall man quietly. "What am I bid for this lot. Two hundred dollars? No? One hundred dollars? One hundred dollars I am bid, shall I say one twenty-five . . . ?"

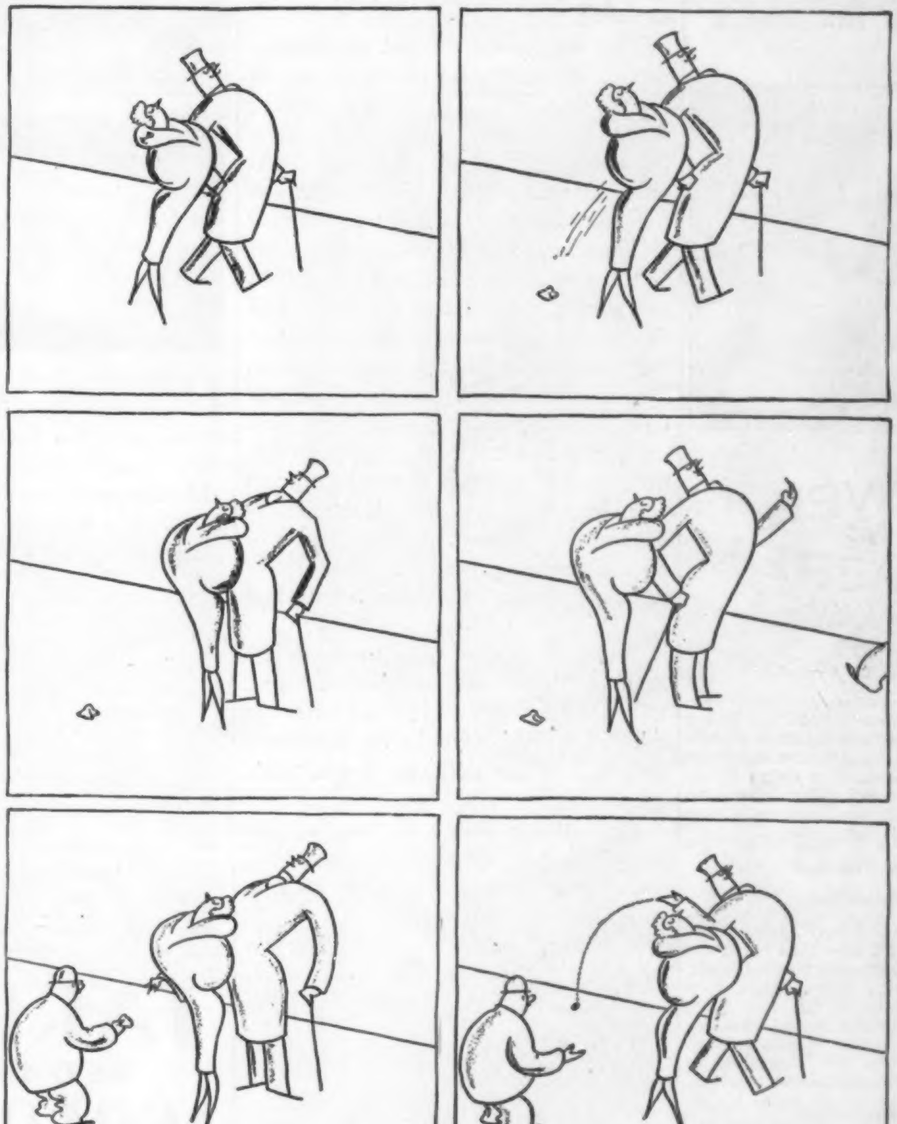
One consulted the catalogue: "270. Quarles (Francis). Divine Fancies, Digested into Epigrams, Meditations, and Observations. London: Printed for John Wilford. . . .1723.

"12mo, original calf, blind tooled border on sides. Robert Browning's own copy with his signature on the flyleaf. Inscribed as follows: Robert Browning. Nov. 19, 1837. With the Arnold Harris Bookplate."

A grim fellow sitting not far away nodded his head slightly.

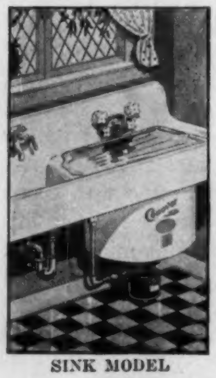
"A hundred and twenty-five, shall I say one-fifty?" The lean man's voice droned on pleasantly, quite impersonally. In his air there was nothing of the auction salesman, bent on pushing the price to its utmost. He did not seem to care what price his goods might bring. His eyes peered sharply upon the gray or bald or shaggy heads that were bent toward him. And occasionally one would move, ever so slightly. The bidding went with great swiftness. As fast as the lean man could call figures, now, he spoke: "Two hundred dollars . . . three hundred . . . four . . . five . . . five-fifty . . . six hundred dollars . . . six hundred and fifty. . . seven hundred . . ."

A little man who had been waving his pencil rhythmically, without lifting his eyes, suddenly shook his head and seemed

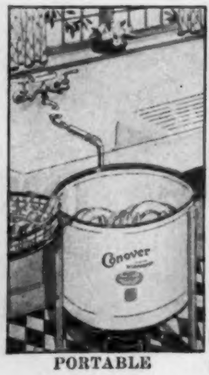


Who wants to "do dishes" when callers are coming?

WHEN the phone announces that guests are on their way, what wouldn't you give to get out of dishwashing and still have a tidy kitchen?



SINK MODEL



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1700 Walnut St., PHILADELPHIA

to fall asleep. The auctioneer sensed at once that the bidding was over.

"You are done? Last warning at seven hundred dollars and sold. Lot number two-seventy-one, if you please. . . . What am I offered?"

THE bidding on these small packages of bound and printed paper went forward without the least shadow of excitement. There was never the sound of a voice other than the voice of the lean man, droning with detachment above his pulpit. Everything seemed understood, just as everything seems understood about a roulette table, where one hears only the droning voice of the croupier—"Faites vos jeux. Les jeux sont faits? Rien ne va plus. . . ." Instead of dropping chips on green cloth the players in this curiously tense game crooked a finger, or lifted an eye, or nodded almost too slightly to be observed.

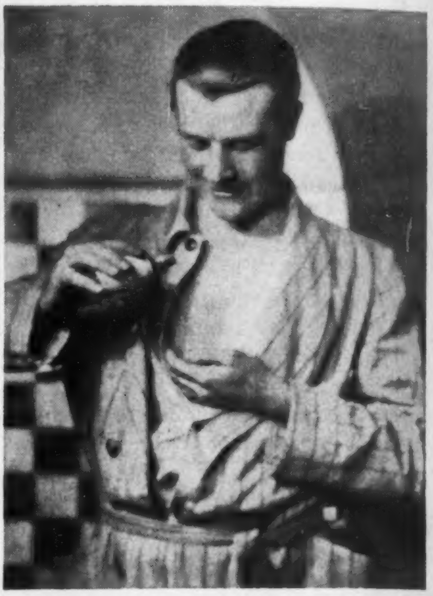
The auctioneer offered no description of his wares, no recommendation as to their value. He was quite aware that the men to whom he spoke knew far more of that value than he. It was only necessary for him to act as announcer for their decisions. Under his hammer, some four hundred articles of value were to be disposed of: books and papers, relics out of the past, small sheets of paper covered over in some forgotten day with the words of men long dead. Books that would never be read, but repose in their slip covers on the proud shelf of their ultimate owners. Manuscripts whose contents were known by heart to half the schoolboys of the country: a few scratches of a quill pen on paper, mere symbols to represent what someone once had thought.

". . . We come now to the well-known Paine manuscript. Thomas Paine. His letter to James Monroe in which he claimed to be an American citizen. What shall we begin with, gentlemen?"

One of the young men at his side looked up and murmured something. Certain people had commissioned him to make bids for them.

"I have," said the auctioneer, "a bid of five hundred dollars on order. Shall we say six hundred? Six hun-

A *few drops of* SURENESS



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but the "suburbs" do not...
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HERE is *real* country, yet within easy reach of the city—an ideal location for all-year-round homes.

Here three hundred wooded acres, traversed with winding drives and bridle paths, roll down to the shore of Long Island Sound. A private Beach Club, and Tennis Club add to the attractiveness. There is no crowding, for the minimum plot size is two acres.

Yet, for all its advantages, Harbor Acres is not an expensive place in which to build or live. The land is most reasonably priced at $8,500 an acre and upward. And the restrictions, while carefully guarding the architectural beauty of the community, offer no barrier to the man who desires to build a home costing $25,000 to $30,000. The owner will provide plans, supervise building and assist in financing, if desired.

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be nonchalant . . .
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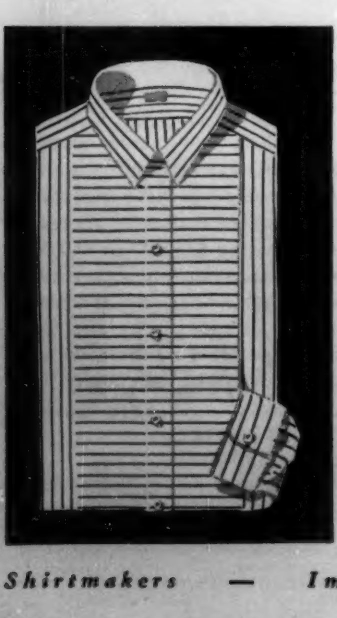

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dred, and now seven? Seven . . . Eight . . ."

Two seats away from me a bored old man with the appearance of an out-at-heels college professor lifted his pencil peevishly. He was bidding nine hundred dollars.

". . . Nine and now one thousand . . . eleven hundred . . ."

At the end of a far aisle, another man was lifting his pencil. The young man at the desk had lapsed into his accustomed dozing. The college professor and his competitor bid briskly against each other—lifting their pencils as soon as the other's amount had been named.

"Twelve hundred . . . thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen . . . fifteen-fifty . . . sixteen hundred dollars . . . seventeen . . ."

The man at the end of the far aisle sat motionless. His pencil failed to come up. There was no haranguing, now, no effort to squeeze another hundred dollars out of the bidders. The auctioneer recognized at once that someone had reached the limit he had set for himself, and closed the bidding.

"Are you done?" he asked quietly. "Sold to L.B. for seventeen hundred dollars."

THE handful of people in the room were dealers, most of them. A few sightseers sat about, and perhaps a private buyer or two. But most of them knew to the penny the value of the things on which they bid, and only once did excitement take hold of the room. An edition of Gray's "Elegy," corrected in the author's hand (so it was catalogued) was offered. The bidding went quickly to two hundred dollars, and had stopped, when a young man in the back of the room spoke sharply. "I was bidding, sir," he said. One or two of the oldsters were moved by this unusual happening to turn and glance at the speaker. Two seats away from him sat a woman, in whose face also there appeared some eagerness.

"I bid three hundred dollars," said the young man sharply.

"Four hundred," said the woman. And the whole room turned to look at her in amazement.

"Five hundred," said the young man, and as the auctioneer announced the bid he seemed annoyed. One of the gray ones actually chuckled, and another nodded his head rapidly in amusement.

"Five hundred and ten," cried the young woman doggedly, and from some far corner came a burst of dry laughter.

"Sold!" said the auctioneer, and he hurried on to the next item as if he were glad to be rid of an unpleasant affair. An hour later, he paused in his monotonous routine. "We are putting up for resale the Gray item," he announced. Here and there an eye glittered impishly. They had known there was something queer about that bidding. Also, by now, they were bored with the "Elegy." It brought forty-five dollars, and everybody seemed relieved that it was finally disposed of.

No explanations for that. One was left to his own imagination. Perhaps the young man and the girl had been working off a private quarrel. Perhaps they thought they were buying something else. They had disappeared, separately . . . and the quarto of Henry V was being offered for sale. It brought six hundred dollars.

IT is a queer world, the world of the auction room, and slightly unreal. The money that is spoken of so casually does not seem to be real money. The books—it seems a little unlikely that the quarto could be an actual quarto. One never really sees such things.

Yet, of course, they are real—and the world of the auction room is vital and alive to those who populate it. They deal in imponderables. They deal in the values which time alone bestows: they deal in fame itself, measuring it by the rule of dollars and cents, weighing it in their shrewd, practiced minds. Perhaps they prove that fame is not the empty, valueless thing which the philosophers announce it to be. Perhaps, on the other hand, they prove only that man's worship of the past is still a vital part of his life in the present.

At any rate, their world is a world of dignity, and suavity, and manners, despite the roots of it which creep down into the hard granite of commercialism. And it is impressive, if only for the great names which are called—seeming to invoke their owners to a ghostly appearance for a little while in the world of modern men.

—MORRIS MARKEY

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS BLAKE: The boy I go with, when he takes me home, never asks me to kiss him good night. Why? NELL.

That's the way every boy treats the girl he's really fond of.—*Doris Blake in the News.*

TRAMPLED ON BY 2 MILLIONS—*daily*

Two-and-a-half million people use the Interborough Subway daily. Apparently about two million of these stand, daily. And Robinson who also used the subway, felt just as though they stood on him, daily. The poor fellow was disintegrating under the strain—morale going, health collapsing and that sort of thing. Then—luckily—someone told him about Tudor City. He investigated and found that it would cost him no more to live among green trees and shady parks five minutes away from his office, than to live where he must be trampled on by the feet of millions (daily).

You, too, could live in Tudor City where, within four minutes' walk of Grand Central, are to be found all the conveniences of modern living. A new indoor miniature eighteen hole golf course, an outdoor miniature eighteen hole golf course, two restaurants and a coffee house, community stores, Miss Travers' Tudor City School, an indoor and outdoor playground, garage, private policemen, theatre ticket agency, news stand, circulating library. Come and see the apartments for yourself and have a meal in one of the restaurants. Ask particularly to see apartment 1608.

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HOW TO PASS TIME
AT THE CIRCUS

CONCENTRATE on the performance. Is it possible to watch five rings and countless scattered clowns all at one time? Determine the maximum percentage of the spectacle that you can cover in one evening. Isn't that enough? After all, is it fair to expect to do the whole circus in one evening? Wouldn't that be like the Babbitt who do the Louvre in one hour? What did you do the Louvre in? How much better time did you make at the Metropolitan Museum of Art? Was that because you were on your home grounds?

Could you see more of the circus if the stands revolved around the arena? What if you were riding around in crew-race observation trains? Find consolation in the fortunate circumstance that there is not a separate band for each ring.

Consider the flying-trapeze marvels in their astounding and breathtaking series of sensational feats. How would you like to do that every morning before breakfast? Isn't that just the thing you need to make a new man out of you? Where would it make you a new man? Do you really believe there is a hereafter? What will become of you in the hereafter? What kind of a life have you led on earth? Recall ten of your sins. What good deeds have you done to make up for them?

Turn to your program. Find three pages without a superlative. Does the program tell the truth when it says this "mammoth consolidation" gathers "all that is wonderful, all that is mightiest, all that is novel in circus achievement in one vast ensemble"? Where, then, are the Indians? Look through your program for Indians. Will there really be no Indians tonight? Can a circus be all that is wonderful and mightiest without Indians? Can a circus even be a circus without Indians? What is the circus coming to?

LOOK upon the intrepid high-wire performers whose thrilling exploits have made two continents gasp. What ten better ways of earning a living can you think of? Judging from your choice, would you say that you are a

• •

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Tour cost from $1050 to $4500 includes comprehensive program of shore excursions under management of an accompanying American Express cruise staff. For full particulars, apply any authorized agent, any office of the American Express, or—

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coward or is it only that you hate to see continents gasp? Ponder on the amazing equilibrium of the performers. Are they seasick when they cross the ocean? What famous cigarette is responsible for their steady nerves? What cigarette banishes their fears of coughing? Does it also prevent sneezing? What is more important to a high-wire performer—not to cough or not to sneeze? Consider the wire more closely. How would you get across it if you ever had to?

Find a clown who is laughing. Is his heart breaking? Is that any reason why the show should not go on? When you view it from a sane perspective, is a broken heart all that it's cracked up to be? Take yourself, for instance. How many times has your heart been broken? Recall the last ten. How long did it take you to get over each of them? Was the cure ever a more complicated matter than treating yourself to another sweetheart? Is a broken heart anything to make a fuss about? Let the broken-hearted clown go chase himself.

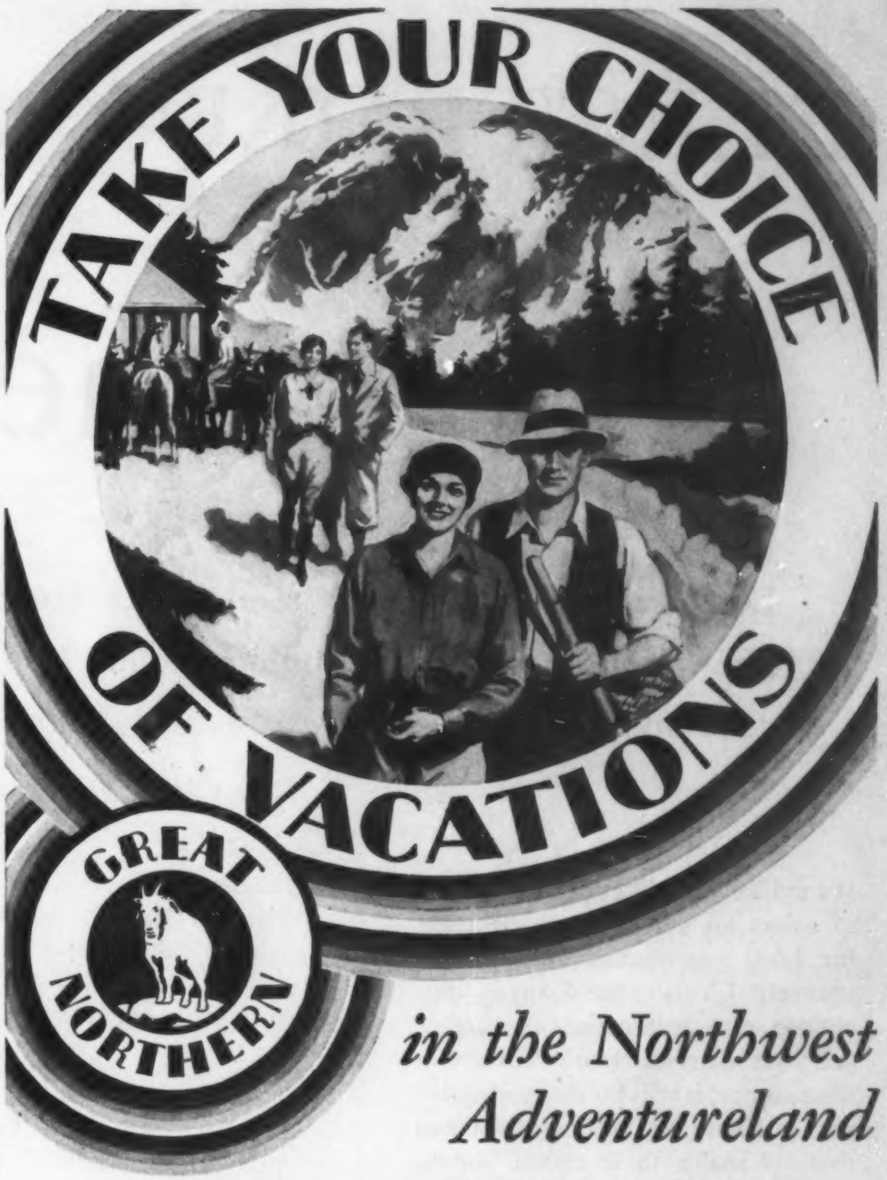
Consider the Human Projectile, the living person shot headlong through space with terrific force from the mouth of a monster cannon. How would you like to do *that* every morning before breakfast?
—José Schorr

•

KILOWATT

The mist is bright with incandescence:
On—out—on—out.
Crazy words chase each other through
the darkness
Berserk—
Meaning nothing.
Twin water tanks like woman's breasts
Point skywards—
"Maxwell House Coffee"
On—out
"Lucky Strikes"
On—out
"U. S. Tires"
On—out
"All-talking all-singing all-dancing."
Rainbow hues race up a column—
On—out—on—out—on—out
On—out—on—out—on—out—on—
out—on—out.

I am blinded by the brilliance
And I walk in darkness. . . .
On a fragment deep in a Greek tomb
Are these words:
"The moon has set and the Pleiades.
It is midnight; the time is going by
And I sleep—"
—John Held, Jr.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Apartment H

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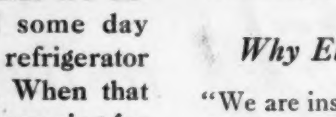
* * *

NEVER BEFORE has there been such an apartment house development as London Terrace. It is a city in itself. Upon completion it will cost $25,000,000. The building materials used in the various units would provide housing for a city of 25,000 people. If placed end on end, the 12 units of this immense development would be more than 210 stories high. The garden court of London Terrace will be as large as some city parks. There will be a swimming pool, gymnasium, restaurants—even a private police force.

In such a structure, every single item of equipment must be proved right before it is installed. On what basis, then, were the automatic refrigerators chosen? Let Mr. Victor C. Farrar, of Farrar & Watmough, the architects, tell you.



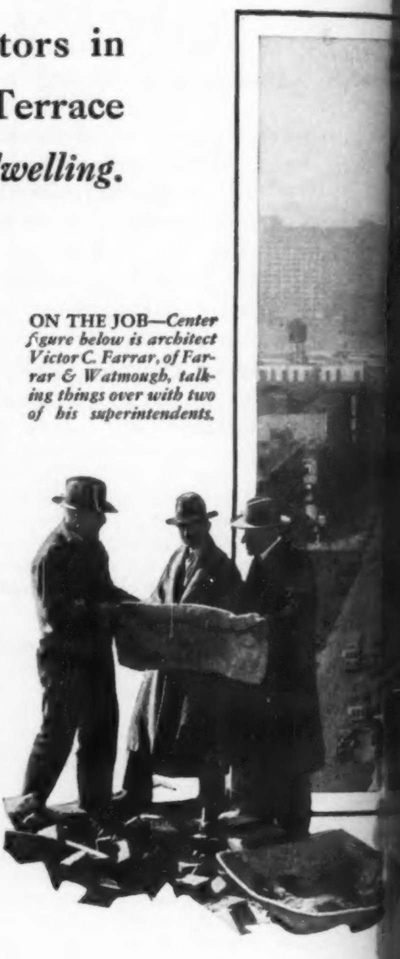
TRAINLOAD—*It would take 42 freight cars to carry all the Electrolux Refrigerators that are going into London Terrace.*

Why Electrolux was chosen

"We are installing Electrolux Gas Refrigerators—1,669 of them—in London Terrace because of our satisfactory experience with them in other properties of the Henry Mandel Companies. The Lombardy apartment hotel, a Mandel development, was the first building of its kind in New York to be Electrolux-equipped. Since its completion in 1928, four other Mandel buildings have been equipped with this refrigerator. Our experience has proved Electrolux to be silent in operation, economical to use, and remarkably free from trouble. We know beyond a doubt that this refrigerator will give the same satisfactory service in our latest project—London Terrace—largest in the world both as to number of apartments and number of automatic refrigerators used."

Runs for 5 to 10 cents a day

It is interesting to note that the building own-



ON THE JOB—*Center figure below is architect Victor C. Farrar, of Farrar & Watmough, talking things over with two of his superintendents.*

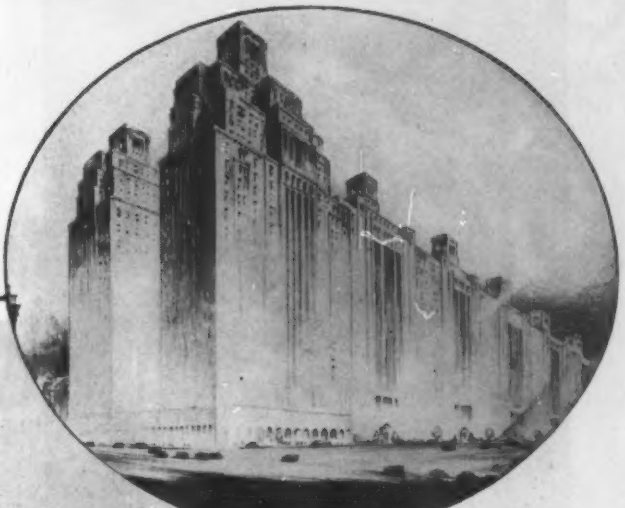
ers will pay for the gas used
Electrolux Refrigerators at
Terrace. The entire 1,669 refrig
will be fed through ten giant
That is why the owners had to
careful to install an automatic
ator that would not only give
satisfaction to tenants, but al
the least to run.

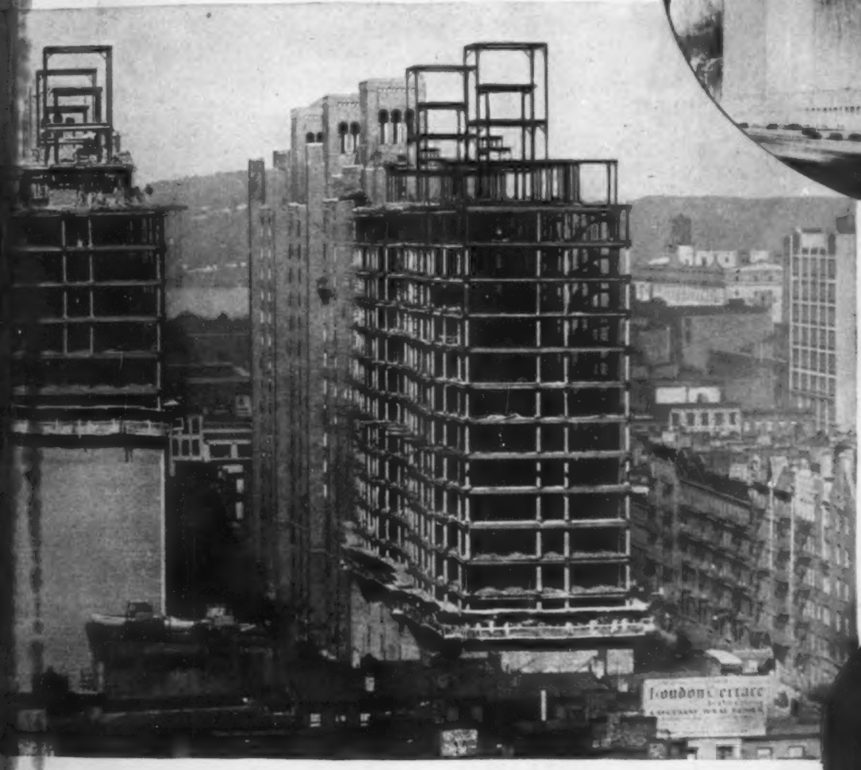
Electrolux costs less to use th
other refrigerator—5 to 10 cents
That low cost includes even th
largest models. It is possible

World's Largest

ouse

WHEN COMPLETED *London Terrace will look like this illustration at the right.*





LONDON TERRACE—*Illustration above shows London Terrace as it appears today. Note Hudson River in background. First units ready for occupancy May 1st. Development covers entire block between 23d and 24th Streets, Ninth and Tenth Avenues.*

Electrolux works differently from other refrigerators. There is no machinery in it, no moving parts at all. A tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water are the whole "works." They circulate the vital, cold-producing refrigerant that freezes the ice cubes and keeps the refrigerator constantly, steadily cold.

Permanently noiseless

This operating method makes it possible to seal the refrigerant for life inside a rigid, one-piece steel unit without openings of any kind. The refrigerant never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is safeguarded. Should the flame ever go out, the gas shuts itself off automatically.

But that isn't all. Electrolux is more than just economical and safe. It is absolutely silent as well. Silent not only when you buy it, but as long as you have it. It can't grow noisy with age. There is nothing to work loose and vibrate or wear as time goes on. You simply never hear this refrigerator at all. Even in a one-room apartment, it can't get on your nerves.

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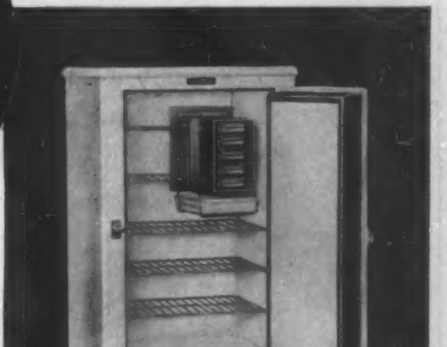
Electrolux gives you all the advantages that have sold leading architects and builders on this refrigerator. Yet it costs you no more to buy, size for size, than other makes. $195 to $430. Liberal purchase terms. Many models and sizes to choose from. See them at nearest display room of your gas company. And write or phone to us for complete information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42 St., New York City—VANderbilt 5700.



THE HOSTESS MODEL, *shown above, is a very popular size. Holds plenty of food for the average family, yet takes up little room. Contains 5 cubic feet of food space. Makes 45 large ice cubes at one time, or several good-sized portions of frozen dessert.*

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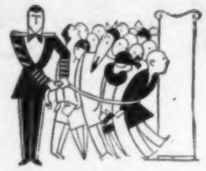
THE CURREN

Stage vs. Movi



IF you want to know, as a number of people seem to, whether "Journey's End" the movie is superior entertainment to "Journey's End" the play, the preference, I think, must be given to the stage production, for the simple reason that, other things being equal, the spectacle of living human beings is more compelling than any picture of them can be. I suppose such a generality as this does not apply to high art; very possibly Rembrandt's old lady paring her nails would not engross our attention in actual life as she does on his canvas, and some of La Gioconda's neighbors may easily have thought little of her looks. To return, however, to the comparison at hand, a good play definitely has an advantage over a good movie, although a bad movie is probably easier to suffer than a bad play because, for one thing, it doesn't last as long. There can be no doubt, I venture to say anyhow, that whether you have or have not seen the play, the picture now showing at the Gaiety Theatre is going to stir you as few other movies have.

THE screen version follows the book of the play closely. The only added scenes are highly justified by the scope of the movies as a special medium, and justified too by their own intrinsic success. These are scenes of the trenches outside the dugout, interpolated views of the front, of lines of sandbags and hideous mud-drenched passages, as effective and realistic as any shown anywhere on the screen. No English rose gardens are presented, though skeptics had expected them. The girl and the somewhat perfunctory romance of the play are no more stressed than they are on the stage.

The acting honors, and high honors they are, go to Colin Clive, as Captain Stanhope. Mr. Clive played in the original London stage presentation and was, I believe, "borrowed" for this special performance. I hope greedily that he will be borrowed for other appearances on the screen. The more he is borrowed, the better for our American movies. His contribution is a face of definite intelligence. The emotions he expresses are those, you feel, of one whose emotions are important, which can distinctly not be said of very many

CINEMA

The Original Stanhope

movie stars. He is assisted ably by the others in the cast, by Ian Maclaren as Lieutenant Osborne, by David Manners as Raleigh, and Billy Bevan as Trotter.

In general there is little criticism to be made of the production. Like the play, the picture begins a little slowly. Perhaps all the scenes with dialogue are not as accurately handled as they might have been. The director has seen fit to give closeups of the listener and not of the speaker rather too often, and the voice thus heard coming from off the screen is a little unsatisfactory. Certainly, though, this is a minor point, and the movie remains one of the very good pictures of the year.

As for the other movies of the week, they are the usual effusions. Joseph Schildkraut is occasionally amusing and sometimes too noisy in "Cock o' the Walk," a drama about a gigolo in the Argentine. In his best moments he suggests his performance, years ago, in "Liliom." Myrna Loy is the girl, and she is charming. Joan Crawford demeans her beauty in a cheap and silly picture, "Montana Moon," about a cowboy and a New York heiress. William Powell is lost in the poorest Philo Vance movie of the series, "The Benson Murder Case," the first one wherein the interminable prattle of the books has been allowed to be heard. "Alias French Gertie," with Bebe Daniels, is the underworld picture of the week, presenting the love life and eventual reformation of a couple of thieves. At the Cameo there is—or was—an English picture, "Escaped from Dartmoor," directed by Anthony Asquith. There is an amusing moment of satire on the movies and on movie audiences, but most of it is too terribly acted to be quite endurable. Yes, but the American movie, "Hide Out," is much worse. —J. C. M.

•

The body was discovered lying on the floor of the compartment. Other points which have perplexed the police are why the deceased got into a ladies' compartment at all, and why he traveled beyond Khanpur, which is the end of his beat. It is however clear that he traveled during mid-day so there was not much scope for murder. Besides, no first class lady passenger traveled between Khanpur and Karachi.—*Times of India.*

Bumped off by a hussy, maybe.

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To persons interested in the romantic and highly personal flavor associated with the making of hooked rugs, and various objects which reflect the bent of artistic folk, the Saturday Antiques and Interior Decoration Pages of The Sun prove a true delight. Not only do the editors delve deep into the subjects discussed, but each article is treated with a degree of charm and authority which the average lover of antiques and quaintly developed decorative things sincerely enjoys and respects.

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THE OARSMEN

Spring on the Severn—Father Sill, Ex-Coxswain

AS a rule, the setting for the opening of the rowing season in the East is pleasant; so pleasant, in fact, that the casual onlooker, enjoying the spring sun as he watches the first race at Annapolis, has no idea of the bleak hours that have been spent by the men in the shells, no idea of the work that has been done for the six or seven minutes of racing. The vines on the high walls that surround the Naval Academy are green. The walks through the grounds, past the tomb of John Paul Jones and down to the sparkling Severn, wander through fresh lawns. Often enough a hard wind, left over from the winter, kicks up a messy sea for the men in the boats, but those on the shore don't mind that. A great many of them have come from places farther north, where spring has not really arrived yet. It will be very pleasant this week-end—for the watchers, anyway. It always is.

For the crews, however, the background of rowing is not quite so idyllic. Columbia will paddle to the start with memories of gray and bitter afternoons on the driftwood-clogged Harlem, and of other, even colder days when the Hudson was calm enough for a workout and March winds came singing across from New Jersey. M.I.T. will not have forgotten the smoke over Cambridge and Boston, motionless in a frozen sky on days when the oarsmen on the Charles seemed to be all that was moving. Boston winters do not yield easily. Now and again the shells come back to the boathouse with tiny icicles festooning the metal outriggers. For that matter even Annapolis will remember days that were far from comfortable. The Navy crews have been out since February, and February is no month for an outing on the river, even in Maryland.

THIS first race of the year was once merely a formality. M.I.T. would come down from Boston during vacation week to enjoy the spring and, after a week of practice, would race Navy, mainly for the exercise. Tech, however, has graduated from its informal novitiate to a place on the starting line at Poughkeepsie. It has

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HAVAS

been two or three years since Navy has had an easy time with the Bostonians. Moreover, this year there is Columbia to be faced as well; and Columbia stood at the head of the river when rowing stopped last June.

BEYOND this weekend there stretches a succession of Saturdays that promise a full season, and June this year will see three regattas. In addition to the Yale-Harvard affair at New London and the regatta at Poughkeepsie, there will be a race between Princeton, California, and Navy on June 14, at Princeton.

Of the early races, the most interesting should be Yale's Derby Day regatta with Columbia and Pennsylvania on May 3. Since Harvard began falling off two years ago, Yale has had its hardest race first, and this year there is a suspicion that Ed Leader intends to win it. Woody Tappen has been back as stroke during all of the preliminary weeks.

Tappen stroked the fast Yale crew at the Olympic trials of 1928, but gave way last year to the huge Art Palmer. Palmer has the strength for the four long miles of New London, but Tappen has the verve for the shorter races, such as Derby. No college has ever beaten Yale two years in a row since Leader first came East. If Columbia intends to win this year, it will have to expect a hard race.

TECHNICALLY the rowing season opened more than a week ago at Kent, when Harvard's 150-pound crew rowed a dead heat against the school's first eight.

Nowhere in America is there a prep-school quite like Kent so far as rowing is concerned. Fourteen schoolboy eights row every afternoon there. Some of the boys are only thirteen, the youngest crews in the country sitting in shells. From the launch their headmaster, Father Sill, who was a Columbia cox in his undergraduate days, shouts hoarsely "Keep it long!" or "Use your slide!" through a battered blue megaphone.

Father Sill and Dr. Walter Peet together laid out the Poughkeepsie course. Dr. Peet, who taught the then slim young Columbia cox all he knows about rowing, died a few years ago, just before he started on his annual trip to the Poughkeepsie races, but Father Sill, a bit heavy now for the stern of a shell, still is telling oarsmen in no uncertain tones what is wrong with them. —R. F. K.

The Stratton

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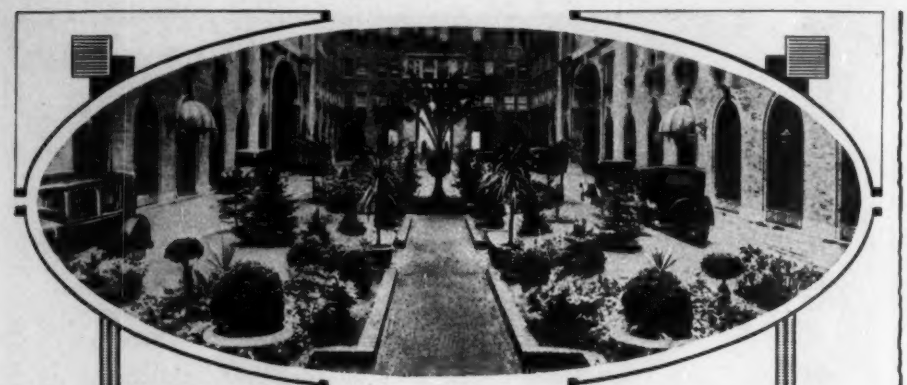

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THE RAC TR

The Thoroughbred Our I

THE United Hunts always may be counted on to give a good show; I regret that other interests, on the shores of the Chesapeake, forced me to forgo the pleasure of welcoming the thoroughbreds to Long Island this season.

Everywhere I hear that this will be a big season in steeplechasing. Ever so many new owners are buying one or two jumpers to see their colors up, and once they're in—why, the next step is a larger stable. Incidentally, it seems many Grand National horses start as hacks and hunters and wind up the same way. W. A. Harris, who trains the jumpers of Ben Leslie Behr, told me recently that five years ago he hunted Shaun Goilin, who won the classic at Aintree last month, a whole season in Ireland. Billy Barton, the American horse who missed enduring fame at the last fence in 1928, is now ridden by Howard Bruce through the Green Spring Valley. Laddie Sanford's Sergeant Murphy and Charlie Schwartz' Jack Horner, however, are privileged. Having been winners, they are beasts of burden only long enough to give them exercise.

HAVRE DE GRACE is a pleasant place (when the wind does not sweep in from the bay) and the setting is altogether charming. The horses are of a better class than at Bowie; many of the bigger stables take the meeting as an occasion to put their best foot forward, and many New Yorkers find it close enough to run down for a day's racing. There is a devotee of my acquaintance who commutes daily to the spring and fall meetings at all of the Maryland tracks, from the upper reaches of the Bronx. A taxi calls for him at seven every morning to take him to the Penn Station, and he arrives at Bowie, Laurel, or Pimlico in time for the first race. He breakfasts and dines on the trains. With luck, his taxi deposits him at his door about midnight. I believe he spends his Sundays driving his car on Long Island.

VICTORIAN, who won such a pot of gold at Agua Caliente last month, is expected to run for the Philadelphia Handicap on Saturday as a preliminary

TRACK

Our Doorstep—Commuter

to the Dixie. The Dixie will not take quite so much winning this year, for Diavolo, who beat Victorian a head for the $25,000 purse at Pimlico last year, will be an absentee. Mrs. H. C. Phipps has decided to reserve him for New York racing.

BY winning the Kindergarten Stakes at Bowie last week, Vander Pool again displayed superiority over half a dozen fair two-year-olds. Mrs. M. P. Allen's colt, it may be recalled, won the Miami Juvenile Stakes and is unbeaten in five starts. He may not be top class, but his action is reminiscent of Sarazen's, and he wins with his ears pricking. The race would have been more interesting had Freddy Hopkins started Harry Whitney's Equipoise, a colt by Pennant-Swining. Here is a well-made youngster who knows how to run, and in my opinion is likely to emulate the exploits of his dashing dam. His color is unusual—dark chestnut, which, next to flea-bitten gray, the true Arab color, connotes soundness.

BOOJUM, I am told, will be seen under silks at Havre de Grace, which is interesting, but I shall wait to see him run before I rush to take a flutter over him for the Preakness. Bill Kelsay, who gallops Gifford Cochran's Flying Heels, advises not overlooking this colt in your Kentucky Derby calculations. I hear such extraordinary reports of Gallant Fox's training that I am surprised William Woodward's colt is not a shorter price in Tom Shaw's book on the Kentucky Derby. Just now I have no definite fancy to report among the three-year-olds.

OH, well, there's Rear Admiral Cary Grayson come to see his colors up. . . . And Butch Joyce singing with the loudspeaker "Love Made a Gypsy Out of Me." . . . And the young man with a suitcase full of little bottles wrapped in newspapers, who did a bigger business on cold days at Bowie than the two-dollar show-ticket sellers. . . . And the young woman in the clubhouse with the fringe of little wooden blocks—we think—around the bottom of her skirt. . . . And Walter Jeffords and Sam Riddle come down to look over the Man o' Wars. . . . And Maxey Hirsch telling Louis Beard. . . . And the train home. —AUDAX MINOR

SHOPPING WITH
Janet Gray at Lewis & Conger

WE LOVE our cheery open fireplace—it gives forth such a cozy warmth these chilly spring evenings. To get the fire started I always use Dixie Firelighters. These are little briquettes, rosin soaked, and they're really awfully good. They set logs ablaze without aid from either newspapers or kindling. They come in packages of eight dozen. $3.00 a package.

ONE THING SURE—with this new Garment Bag of mine, not a speck of dust can sift through onto my clothes. It's made of extra-sturdy cretonne, you see, and is lined with a specially processed rubber. Besides being absolutely dustproof, it's dampproof and mothproof. A Talon Fastener zips it open and closed. The Bag has room for seven hangers. $5.75

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THE TOMATO SLICER fills a long-felt want in our kitchen. You see, it slices a whole tomato in one fell swoop. You put the tomato in the hollow, bring the cutter down just once—and there lies the tomato in nice tidy slices, ready for salad or what have you. Heavily nickel plated, with a gay red knob on the handle of the cutter. $7.50

I'VE JUST BOUGHT a Shoe Box Stool for the boys' room. It'll help them to keep their shoes shined. When it's closed it is a good-looking handy stool. But when the lid is turned back it reveals a chromium plated foot rest with loads of space beneath for brushes, polishes and cloths. It's in a maple finish, which gives it a very dressed-up air indeed. (Also comes in mahogany finish, so they told me.) $13.50

IN OUR HOUSE the Electric Fruit Reamer works morning, noon and night. Fruit juice for the family's breakfast, orange juice for the baby, and much, oh much, fruit juice in the evenings when the crowd drops in. All you do is hold the halved fruit against the revolving reamer and down flows the juice. The Reamer has a frosted glass bowl and a gray enameled body. $14.95

I'VE JUST had new linoleum put down in the kitchen and pantry. I selected the pattern I wanted at Lewis & Conger, and they sent a man out to measure the floor space, and took complete charge of the laying of the linoleum. They made a beautiful job of it, too!

Janet Gray

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TOSCANINI

(The announcer has just finished his synopsis of the Philharmonic's Sunday-afternoon program. A brief interval, and strains of majestic music burst forth into the living-room where Mr. and Mrs. Blank are seated in receptive attitudes.)

TURN it down a little, darling. That's too loud. . . . No, this time it's not the principle of the thing with me, it's the *money*. Because what's the point in trading at a chain store on a deposit, if the credit runs out every time *to your disadvantage?* . . . So we'll simply pay cash from now on every time the order comes up, and cut out all this check and double checking.

(The 'cellos begin a splendid sweeping.)

Isn't that lovely? . . . Oh, I had a pretty good time. Except for one moron who did what he could to spoil everything. He was quite tight. As old as I am, if he was a day, yet he had a regular line. The first thing he said to me was "Where have you been all my life?" and I said "Hiding from you," and that worried Milly, so she whispered to me to go as easily with him as possible, because she'd been obliged to invite him on account of his wife. He kept talking about football games and frat dances that happened *before the war*, and every time anybody tried to get the conversation away from him, he'd bawl out that Grantland Rice was his god!

(Distant, vociferous applause marks the ending of the symphony's first movement. The second begins.)

That phrase sounds like that "Soon" song from "Strike Up the Band." I wish I knew what perfume Blanche Ring uses. My talcum reminds me a little of it, and that's Fleurs d'Amour. Did I tell you what Irene Franklin told me she said to the customs inspector when she landed from Nassau and he asked her if she had anything to declare? "A hundred dollars' worth of Foolish Virgin." He just looked at her.

(Now comes the passage indicative, according to generations of program notes, of the composer's broken heart.)

I'm hungry! Let's have a peep at the larder. Of course there won't be anything in it I want. There never is. I could go down to Charles every day of my life and handpick an order for just such emergencies, and then when I went to look, there wouldn't be a thing but diced beets and turtle soup and pickles and left-over no-goods from gift baskets, like baby ears of corn and artichokes in oil.

(Several minutes elapse. The orchestra is now playing Kodaly's "Sommerabend.")

I mustn't forget to call up Cecily. . . . Because I simply can't go to Short Hills tomorrow. . . . I forgot about my appointment with Dr. Eckley. . . . Yes, a great big piece came out the other day when I bit on a partridge bone. I thought I'd put it off until it actually began to hurt me, but then I read this morning in the paper that often cancer of the tongue starts from just such carelessness, and if Cecily's counting on me for a fourth at bridge, it's only fair to let her know in time. Besides, I can't get hold of Granger. He's in Baltimore and won't be home till late tonight. He's to drive me out, but he doesn't know it, and every time I try to leave a message for him in Westbury, I get a random parlormaid who says "Who is Mr. Gaither?" and that's not very helpful. . . . Oh, isn't that bit charming? What a satisfaction it must be to Toscanini to get so much out of an orchestra, consoling all the audience for their great troubles and making them forget their small ones!

(Now comes an exquisite tone poem.)

We're dining with the Crawfords tomorrow night, and now, Harry, please remember that I'm trying out the demand bid, so if I go two on the original in any suit, say something, no matter what you have in your hand. It gives me a chance to speak again. . . . Tra-la-la-la-la! Did you ever think the day would come when we'd allow a radio in the house? . . . Neither did I. Nothing could surprise me now. Not even antlers over the fireplace. That Mrs. Bixby we met up at Jane's told me that her husband hadn't been on time for dinner in ten years until he fell for Amos 'n' Andy.

(Much applause through the loud-speaker, and "La Mer" begins.)

Oh goodness! Do you mind if I turn it off now? I *hate* Debussy. It makes me so nervous—all that shimmery stuff. . . . Well, it was certainly better sitting here and listening to that concert than going over to the Metropolitan in this horrible rain. Just think of the time we'd have had getting a taxi!

—BAIRD LEONARD

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mr. Toscanini Again—Departure — Passing of the Greatest Wagnerite

NOT altogether unexpected, but still the best sort of news: Mr. Toscanini will be with us once more next season. This means (1) that there will be more opportunities to hear music performed as it probably won't be performed again until you and I are old, Maggie, and (2) that it will be no fun at all trying to get tickets for the Philharmonic-Symphony.

Every now and then there is a temptation to take Mr. Toscanini's conducting for granted, than which there can be no greater error. Only recently he took up a symphony with a somewhat shopworn reputation—the "Rhenish" symphony of Schumann. It is well known that Schumann's orchestration is not the scoring of an expert. Many an essayist has shaken his pen wistfully at the passages which Schumann put on paper hopefully, and which sound as if the librarian had overlooked some of the boys in the band when he distributed the parts. Mr. Stock, following out a notion long cherished by Theodore Thomas, treated this symphony to a sympathetic revision which you might have heard at the Stadium Concerts a few seasons back. Mr. Toscanini, however, did not use this version; he did not even adorn Schumann's music with touches of his own. He took the original instrumentation, murky as it may have seemed on other occasions, and emerged with a masterpiece.

THE Schumann that Mr. Toscanini revealed (and for once one may speak of a director as indulging in revelations without feeling like a piano demonstrator) was a composer who had just passed Mendelssohn on the way and was marching forward to greet Brahms. There were spots where something akin to Wagner popped out to startle the listener. There also were bits where not even the genius of the conductor could burnish the obvious crudities of the orchestration, but for the most part the symphony was a delight that no one had anticipated. Possibly it would have

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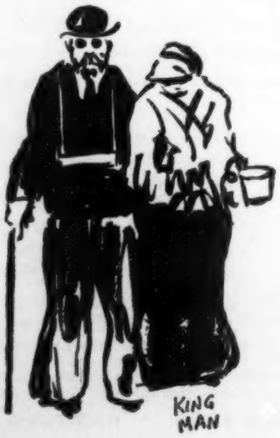
seemed even greater if it had been pointed up as Mr. Stock amended it, but it was great enough as it stood—thanks to Mr. Toscanini, who continues to demonstrate that he is an unbelievable musician.

WITH tidings of Mr. Toscanini's reëngagement comes word that Mr. Mengelberg is not to return next season, and whatever the internal complications leading to the departure of Mr. Mengelberg may be, it will seem just a bit strange not to have him with us. In the past few years, his local adventures have not been too happy (apparently our public cannot digest more than one conductor at a time, and just now Mr. Toscanini is its favorite morsel), but he performed valuable services about ten years ago, when he took over the National Symphony and jarred the town into a realization that routine direction is not the only kind.

Nothing seems to be so cyclical as our appetite for conductors. Mr. Mengelberg superseded Mr. Stransky and eclipsed for a brief period Mr. Bodanzky, then in his first manifestation as a leader of symphonic music. The sensational first season of Mr. Furtwängler dimmed the glory of Mr. Mengelberg, but Mr. Furtwängler, in turn, was overwhelmed by the blaze of Mr. Toscanini. Many of our auditors—probably a majority of them—hold that only one conductor at a time can be worth the trouble, and the establishment of Mr. Toscanini brought about almost automatically the disestablishment of Mr. Mengelberg.

If there is anyone who can topple Mr. Toscanini, we have yet to hear of him. Such brilliant visitors as Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Koussevitzky have been unable to create even faintly seismic ripples about his throne; nor is there any good reason anyone should interfere with the sustained mastery of



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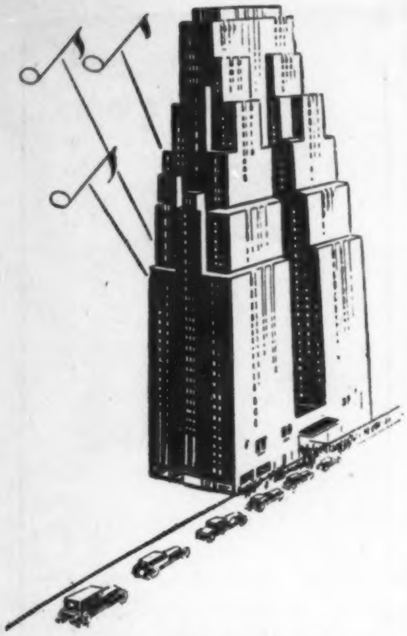

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Mr. Toscanini. The sombre note is that too few of us will concede that there is plenty of room for other conductors and that they should be heard not as competitors of Mr. Toscanini but on their own merits.

IN spite of occasional newspaper references to "the late Cosima" and radio presentations in which Wagner's widow was buried prematurely, the illustrious Cosima continued to live until three weeks ago, and now, oddly enough, she is again news. You would not like it if I blew myself to an essay on Wagner's wives and loves, and I am certain that you have had plenty of material about Minna Planer, Mathilde Wesendonck, the little servant girl who laid out the pajamas, and Cosima, if you have been reading current book reviews and obituaries.

The passing of Cosima Wagner will turn loose a good many columns of reminiscences and review, and undoubtedly many juicy trifles, hitherto reserved in storage in deference to Frau Wagner, will be set forth for the diversion of those who enjoy the lowdown. However, the death of the lady of Bayreuth will have more important implications than any biographical curiosities which it may cause to be unloaded.

Our Wagnerian performances have suffered from a second-hand tradition, from the shadow of a dubious legend which originated in Bayreuth. Bayreuth itself has been dominated by Cosima, even if she was unable to superintend matters personally for several years. Tempi and stage business which Wagner authorized have become "set," and set too arbitrarily to be authentic. Respect or fear has maintained these paces and poses, however ill-adjusted they may have seemed; now there is

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no one to protest against radical innovations. I do not suggest that Wagner ought to be stood on his head or that his music should become a plaything for empiricists; yet conductors, singers, and stage directors may all feel a little more freedom in delving at the essential Wagner rather than confining themselves to the Wagner of custom.

Cosima's monument is Bayreuth. Without her, it would hardly have been possible. The new approach to Wagner, which is due, will do no violence to her memory. It will, in fact, set forth Wagner as she would have wished him to be—a master of living music. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Talkies Without the Picture—Miss Etting—Some More Bands

IF you want talkies in your home without having to bother about the plot or the ushers, you can collect an armful of discs made by the stars of various new screen delights. John McCormack's most important ditties in his first disembodiment are available on Victor records, and—although if it were up to me to spend your money for you, I'd invest it in some of his earlier recordings—you'll find it interesting to note what he can do with typical theme songs. Al Jolson also is at your service, by way of Brunswick, with three helpings from "Mammy." He is in better vocal estate (or maybe it's more efficient recording) than in some of his previous adventures with wax, and if you are a connoisseur of Jolsoniana, the new series is for you. The spare side goes to a smart Jolsoning of a song from the screen version of "Hold Everything!"

FOR the rest, there is not a great deal in the current vocal releases to detain you. Ruth Etting's magnificent "Ten Cents a Dance," for Columbia, is a combination of tricky singing with one of the best of all Hart-Rodgers airs. On the other side is "Funny, Dear, What Love Can Do," charmingly cooed, with a typical Etting tempo twist. If you'd like a good "What Is This Thing Called Love?" try Libby Holman's Brunswick interpre-

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tation. "A Ship Without a Sail," its mate, is also worth the money.

SEVERAL unfamiliar dance orchestras have found the immortality (yes?) of records recently, and a few of them appear in this roster of suggested footwarmers:

Just Can't be Bothered with Me (Phil Spitalny and his Orchestra) and Blue, Turning Gray Over You (Nathaniel Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra). Spitalny, late of Edison, now brings his agreeably oleaginous rhythms and scorings to Victor. The industrious and always ingenious Shilkret makes much of a torch ballad, which he converts into an excellent tune. (*Victor*)

With You and Puttin' on the Ritz—Carl Webster's Yale Collegians. These Collegians are guaranteed genuine Yale gentlemen rather than the usual graduates of a cabaret. This has the contemporary academic tempo, with warm overtones, expertly produced. (*Okeh*)

On the Sunny Side of the Street and Singing a Vagabond Song—Ted Lewis and his Band. Lewis goes sweet and slow here, except for the vagabond bits, the result being one of the finest andantes yet evolved. If you think that Lewis is only hot—invest. (*Columbia*)

Louisiana, That's My Home and Gut Bucket Shuffle—Harris Brothers' Texans. An odd demonstration of orchestral colors in two unusual melodies. What is the origin of "Louisiana, That's My Home"? If it isn't traditional, it's a good imitation. (*Brunswick*)

Wasn't It Beautiful While It Lasted? and Red Hot Chicago—Waring's Pennsylvanians. Two stunning recordings out of "Flying High." Triple A. (*Victor*)

Mona (S. C. Lanin's Famous Players) and We'll Have a Little Home of Our Own (Smith Ballew and his Orchestra). Two flowing fox trots by bands that know what dance music is. (*Okeh*)

Get Happy and Sweetheart Trail—Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys. From what campus isn't specified, but these youths have a modish technique, with excellent soft brasses. (*Columbia*)

Looking at You and To My Mammy—Ben Bernie and his Orchestra. The young maestro and his pupils in smart outbursts. (*Brunswick*)

—Pop

•

The bride is a member of the Ladies' Guild of Bellringers and the bridegroom is the master of the North and East District of the Association of Middlesex Bellringers. They first met when bellringing at Walthamstow.—*Western Mail & South Wales News.*

That's nothing, we first met our wife when log-rolling.

•

There is a decided difference between "pep" and "smut," and while *The Pathfinder* recognizes the former as a part of today's humor, it would not think of carrying the latter into the homes and schools where it has long been such a welcome visitor.—*Notice in the Writer's Digest.*

Coals to Newcastle, eh?

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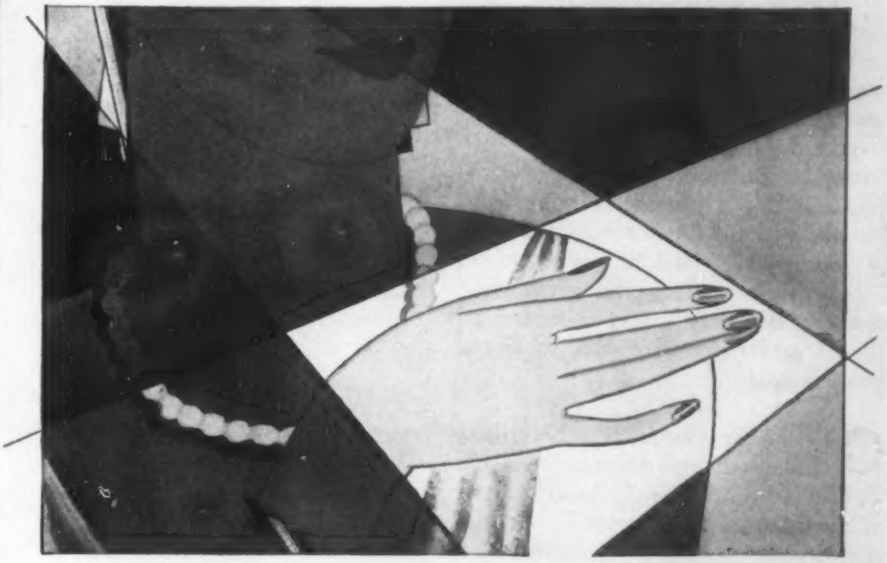

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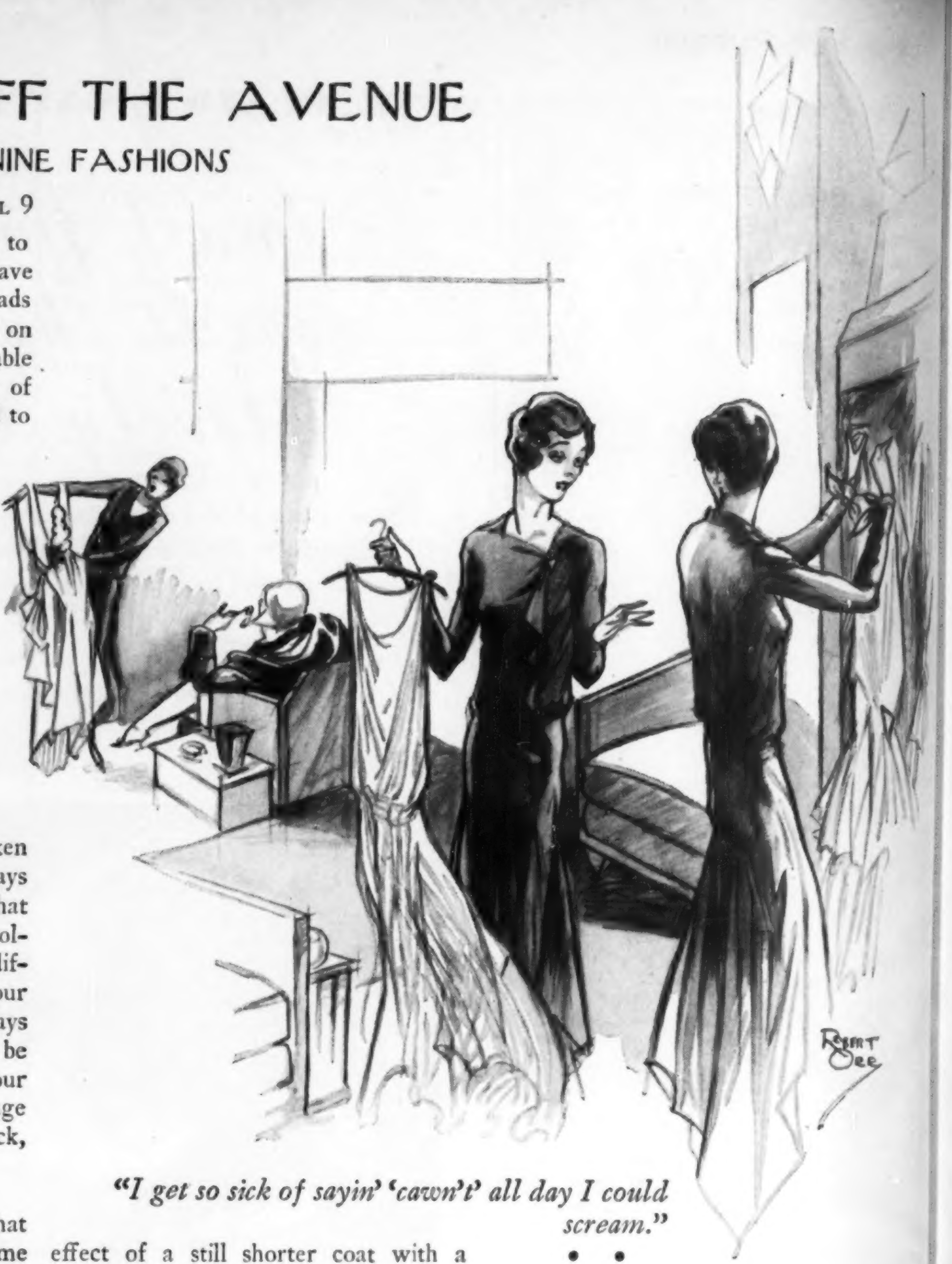
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, APRIL 9

ALL this color business is going to my head, and it seems to have gone to other people's heads too. You used to be able to depend on Paris—at least for plenty of wearable black clothes—but now a number of Paris women have evidently decided to *faire l'américaine*, for they are going about in greens and blues of every mutation. Me? I still prefer the blacks, and the dark relations of navy and brown, but in checking up with various houses here, I find that a good percentage of the street clothes bought so far are in bleu lavé, frigate blue, cornflower blue, or whatsy blue—one can't keep track of all those names.

As a rule, you'll find that couturier color debauches are a good part showmanship and not to be taken seriously. Madame Lanvin always wears her crisp black no matter what swashy reds are included in her collection. This year, however, it's different. Unless you are wearing your hat on the tiptop of your head and stays in your collar, you'll be advised to be a little less serious in picking out your clothes. Anybody not yet in her dotage should prefer green or blue to black, you'll be told.



"I get so sick of sayin' 'cawn't' all day I could scream."

ONE of the few fanciful blues that I like is the one worn by Madame de Besançon, the kindly leading light of the Maison Maggy Rouff. It just misses being a purple and does so in a nice way, if you know what I mean. Something on the order of the color of bachelor's buttons, and becoming even to brunettes. She uses it a lot in her collection, in suits made of that ostrich mixture of Lesur's called featherback. The fabric is as soft in your hands as down, but manages to be non-transparent, and is therefore perfectly satisfactory for the skirts of summer suits. One of them has a blouse in a wine red with tiny white dots—a grand color combination for tanned complexions.

There are several short coats in the Maggy Rouff collection which can be worn a number of ways. They hang a little below the fingertips and finish with an almost imperceptible flare. You can leave them hanging straight, or pull the fronts together to give the effect of a still shorter coat with a peplum.

PARIS is also taking to colored hats. More hats are being bought in blues, greens, and combinations of black and white than in any other colors, according to Florence Walton. If they are of felt, they are pretty large, she says; but if of straw or fabric, they're immense. She showed me what is now considered a small hat—an off-the-face affair of linen, in a pale soapy green, with two flat flowers, cut from the linen, posed behind the left ear. There is a noticeable brim at the back. The brims on her big hats of linen and lace-straw, or of crêpe de Chine, flop clear down over the shoulders at the sides and back, but stand well up and out over the left forehead and eye. Her own hat was of printed crêpe de Chine, a dark navy blue spotted with lozenges of white, that had one of those big floppy brims held down at the back with a bow of white kid. She wore it with a Redfern dress of the same print, which had little capes over each sleeve and a double piqué collar.

REDFERN, incidentally, has treated himself to some new salons in the Rue Royale, right across from Molyneux. He has gone elegant, with modern lighting and some dashing vendeuses whom I recognized as former mannequins. He has evidently treated himself to some new designers, too, and with good results; he opened a sort of in-between-seasons show the other day to a smarter lot of Frenchwomen than you could ever gather at Armenonville.

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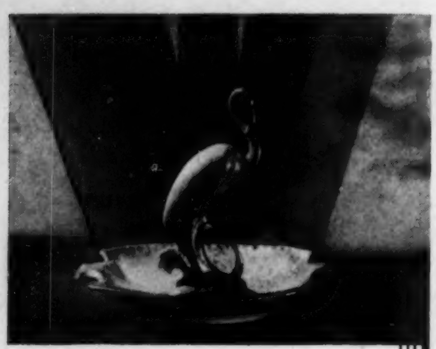

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of a three-piece outfit that uses the same black coat with a white evening dress and an afternoon dress of black and white—and no one would guess it. He does the same thing with daytime coats, too, harmonizing them with several dresses by means of scarves, bows, and belts that are not too obvious. His evening gloves are dashing and lavish—they reach nearly to the shoulders.

THERE are ten or so new dresses at Augustabernard, mostly evening things, and again in bright colors—lemon yellow, pale but yellowy chartreuse, that same bachelor's-button blue, and dull, dusty pink. They are grand, simple affairs; but take a look at yourself sidewise before you attempt them. They show off a good figure, but they're not exactly flattering to stylish stouts. No peplums, no boleros, no sashes or bows—just handsome affairs that follow the figure in a haphazard way to just below the hips; then they become more ample. The fullness is put in adroitly—you can't detect any godets or flounces.

NICOLE GROULT likes the deep blue that is marked "ultramarine" on tubes of oil paint. It is stunning in plain, solid-color crêpe de Chine for evening clothes, but less trying in some of her prints. She makes her portfolio skirts, as she calls them, in a new wraparound effect, and fastens them with big buttons at the front. Look for one costume with a double-breasted printed blouse and plain wraparound skirt. Her best printed dress is Bosquet. It has a high waistline and hangs straight to two little ruffles below the knees. The square décolletage and narrow shoulder-straps are worn over a little guimpe of white chiffon with a shirred neckline and little puff sleeves. Nothing more 1830 could be imagined. Don't miss it, if you're the type that can wear it. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IT is all too confusing. Here it was less than a month ago that a girl who Gets Around in Paris a good deal wrote that, though most women must buy a dress in color now and then, all that is ever seen in the evening is the good old black-and-white. Now everything is upset all over again. I, too, think that black and navy and dark colors are smarter than anything else, but for the great majority of people practical considerations prompt them to indulge a taste for bright colors when they buy a dress, and then have it dyed

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black a bit later, giving the wardrobe an apparent scope that it actually lacks. The featherback ostrich material referred to is the loveliest stuff possible, and is to be found here and there in New York, but it is only fair to warn you: it sheds and sheds and sheds. Tiny bits of marabou fly gently through the air. You can't wear a dark coat with it, nor can you sit in a taxi with a man, however properly, without compromising him.

Another thing—about huge hats. American women insisted on wearing them with summer afternoon dresses, season after season, despite the jeers of Paris. Now, just as they have given in to the moderate brim for summer, Paris ups and decrees huge hats. Just a cat playing with a mouse, those ole couturiers.

FOR clothes beautifully made with handwork, both in construction and in decoration, that are a challenge to Paris at its best, the shop of Eldridge & Garson, at 22 East Sixty-seventh Street, is to be recommended. Older women especially, who desire great chic but have too much sense of humor to order dresses that are definitely youthful, will find here many models which are perfectly suited to their purposes. It seems unnecessary to add that custom-made clothes are expensive, and these are worth it.

People with a desire to resemble a charming grande dame, for instance, should immediately purchase one model from Martial et Armand for dressy lunches, teas, and bridges. The body of the dress is of black chiffon, very soft and fluttery; the long sleeves and the deep bib front and back are of pink lace. On top of this goes an overdress entirely of black chiffon with sleeves. For evening, dignity-and-chic addicts are invited to look at some lace dresses from Ardanse. This designer is fond, this season, of short-cape effects that are caught around the arm above the elbow with a band of beading or embroidery—giving the appearance of flowing sleeves to veil unattractive upper arms, and yet achieving an evening décolletage. There is one of black lace, with the letters of the designer's name forming the pattern; another of tomato has a very short slip and a flowing graceful effect. Another superb entrance could be made in an evening gown of black georgette, the décolletage in back being of the looped-and-draped type. Bands of black beading about two inches wide start at the hips and cross on the opposite side at the knee, giving a gracious

the Fairfax

A big, warm, loose-draped sports coat . . . light in weight . . . unerring in style . . . perfect in cut and tailoring.

Tailored - to - measure or ready - for - wear, $85 and more.

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue, New York
Entrance on 46th Street

ZUCCA'S

FAMOUS MINESTRONE SOUP
ZUCCA'S ITALIAN GARDEN
49th Street—Just East of Broadway

Owing to its remarkably high quality Zucca's Minestrone Soup was awarded the Grand Prize at the Bologna Exposition 1929.

ZUCCA'S
MINESTRONE
SOUP
ZUCCA'S ITALIAN GARDENS

The demand for Zucca's Minestrone Soup by patrons has been so great that now you can buy Zucca's Minestrone in cans at all good grocers.

ZUCCA'S GREEN NOODLE DINNER
A dinner for four persons. Each package when packed contains —6 oz. Zucca's Green Noodles, made of fresh spinach and fresh eggs — 8 oz. Zucca's Sauce — ½ oz. real parmesan cheese (packed to stay fresh) — 2 oz. crisp breadsticks — pepper, salt. Package and contents all wrapped separately in cellophane.

Zucca's Tomato and Mushroom Sauce
delicious for Noodles and Spaghetti as well as Meats and Fish.

ZUCCA'S FOOD PRODUCTS CORPORATION
118 West 49th St., New York Tel. Bryant 6077

SELMAY
fashions
AT 3 EAST 55TH STREET
OPPOSITE THE ST. REGIS

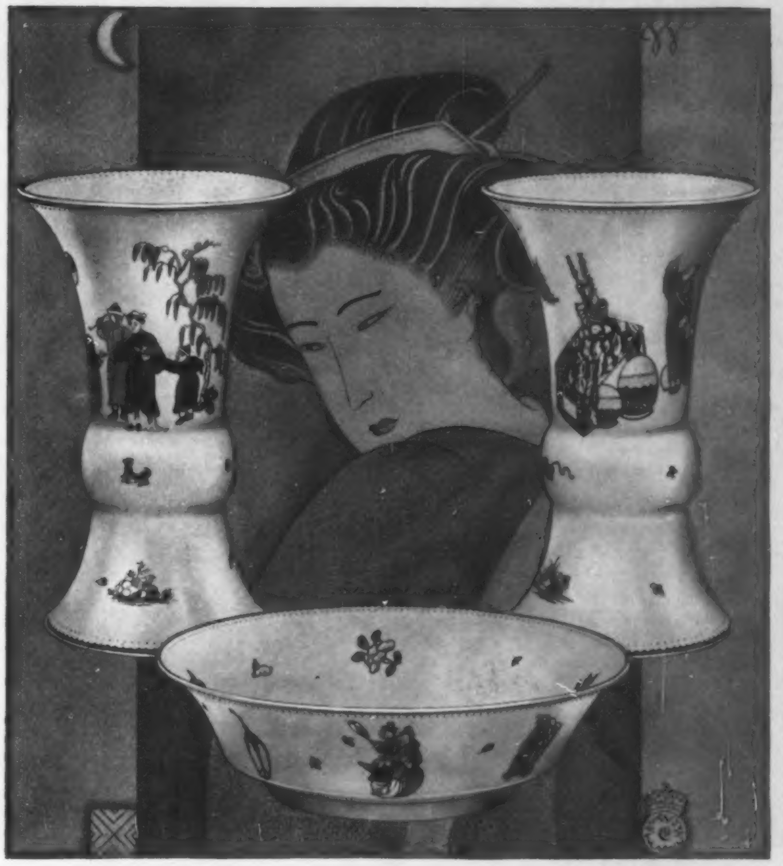
and flattering line to the body. For any age that dares extreme simplicity, look at the sublime Paquin of dull black satin. It is straight and plain in front, with a slightly irregular square neckline; in back, the V extends to the waist, the skirt is circular below, and a flower of satin comes up over the waistline at the side in a confusing way. The whole effect is breathtaking. If you order it in anything but black, Mother will never speak to you again.

What they also do beautifully here is very simple dresses of crêpe with beaded collar-and-cuff arrangements. The colors in these collars are exquisitely blended and the workmanship is of the finest. They give a touch of becomingness and luxury to the simplest frock without the attendant nuisance of lingerie collars.

Picture-frock addicts should gaze with wonder at a dress of mousseline de soie all composed of flat tiers that swirl out, Spanish style, below a very tight-fitting rear. However, if you love robes de style, you know about Eldridge & Garson anyway.

IT just goes to show—here I thought I had been around and seen everything worth noting, and then I realized that my life was a meaningless blank because I had never been into Saks-Thirty-fourth Street. The immediate reason for this first visit of mine was a phenomenon there named Mr. Robert, who creates hats upon your head in a businesslike manner, without sighs, tears, temperament, or tearing of hair. I don't mean that you pick out a model and have him copy it in the good old way—you state your problem, you pick out your fabric, and then you let him play. I don't recommend this type of thing carelessly—people with such pretensions usually do hats that are smart but not becoming, or becoming and just like every other hat in town. This youth honestly has a knack, proved on the many difficult subjects the management has been hurling in his direction for weeks. If you have a problem, if you have an idea you want carried out, if you are adventurous—do try him. You don't have to take the darn hat if you don't like it. The prices are from about $15 to $30, and you'd better phone for an appointment. The Rolls-Royce trade has found the darling already.

Also, if you have a growing daughter on your premises, kindly note two short evening coats here. The tops have high collars and huddle around the arms like a dolman; below the waist is



Royal Worcester Dinner Plates, $75. doz. . . . Tea Cups and Saucers, $75. doz. . . . After Dinner Cups and Saucers, $65. doz. . . . Bowl, $18. . . Flower Holders $20. each

Another
PLUMMER *Triumph*

Those countless discerning hostesses who look to Plummer's for "the unusual" in fine China will appreciate the pleasure we now enjoy in being the *first in America* to present an exact replica of one of the Early Worcester patterns—the exquisite old Chinese Figures design—first made in the famous Dr. Wall period, circa 1766.

The brightly colored figure groups are represented in all their wealth of Old World colorings. The soft, creamy, satin-like glaze seems even smoother to the touch than the original pieces so greatly sought after by collectors of Early Worcester.

Nowhere else in America can this pattern be found! Thus is *Exclusiveness* combined with *Distinction*, and another Plummer triumph acclaimed.

It pays to shop at Plummer's. Indeed a gift of China or Glass from this establishment signifies a desire to more than ordinarily honor the recipient.

Mail Orders Invited

Wm. H. PLUMMER *& Co. Ltd.*
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass

7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue
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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
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THIS STAIRWAY LEADS TO LOVELINESS

YOU step through the doorway at 683 Fifth Avenue and wander down the inviting reception room. Then this graceful stairway leads you to the treatment rooms above, peaceful little rooms where new loveliness awaits you.

A treatment at the Dorothy Gray Salon is not a hurried routine. You rest in a deep armchair. Your skin is studied to determine the type of care which precisely suits your individual needs. Then a skilled operator gives your face, throat, arms and back the scientific treatment that brings you blissful relaxation and new beauty.

Weary lines at eyes and mouth depart, the underchin forgets its droopiness, you feel gloriously refreshed, and you look so lovely!

And please remember, when next you are in Paris, that you can now enjoy your treatments in the newest of the Dorothy Gray Salons, at number 34, Avenue George V, just off the Champs Elysées. Staffed by expert operators, this new salon offers European travellers the same Dorothy Gray treatments so justly famous in America.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building
683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Telephone WICkersham 6109

PARIS CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

©D. G. 1930

a crisp peplum. In white bunny they are $39.50; in white lapin, $59.50. Life in my youth would have been simplified had they existed then. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Gardenia or Sweet Pea—Half a Pint of Lavender—Just a Mother's Plea

THE principal reason Jean Stuart's Gardenia is one of my especial manias among gardenia perfumes is that it has captured, together with the gardenia scent, that fresh, green, ferny odor which real flowers, still damp from the garden or the greenhouse, have a way of possessing. Now, so that my cup of happiness may overflow, the scent has been incorporated into an entire series of beauty products. There are bath tabs (which look like candy and are popular as bridge prizes) and bath salts; they have even captured the quality of the perfume in bath powder and talc (which is very difficult to do—talc usually smells so starchy); there are cleansing and nourishing creams and skin tonic, all delicately scented. Just one of those ensembles to make you smell subtly delicious all over instead of just behind the ears.

A grand way of trying some of these is in the five-dollar débutante package, which is designed to teach young girls the care of the skin without luring them into cosmetics unbecoming to extreme youth. It has Castile soap, face powder, cleansing cream, and hand lotion.

Also, if you love sweet pea, try the Stuart version. It smells exactly like a fresh bunch, with the green odor mentioned before counteracting too much sweetness. A pearl among sweet peas. You can get bath salts in this odor too.

All of these may be secured at Franklin Simon, Lord & Taylor, or Stewart, if you get down on your knees and plead a little.

HOME-DRESSMAKING talent has received a boost at McCreery recently in the guise of the Master Pattern—a muslin garment fitted tightly to your figure and conforming to your exact measurements. It hooks up the front like a coat without undue difficulty. Once you have one, all future dresses may be made on it instead of on you. (Have you ever tried fitting the back of a dress unaided?) Women can send it to their dress-makers instead of standing for endless fittings; rich gals can ship it to Paris. There are many uses for it. You can have one made at McCreery for $10 (two fittings required) or they will give you expert instructions how to make one yourself and simplify your problem. Then, if you watch your weight, you have a foundation for any dress whatsoever.

FOR travellers and motorists, sportsmen and office workers, Yardley has produced a new flask filled with lavender water (which is refreshing and makes you feel clean after the hottest and dustiest day). The flask is of hand-woven wicker, with a screw top, a little wicker handle, and holds—oh, a little less than half a pint. The cost is $2. Hoping the younger set will not become confused by the contour of the bottle and drink lavender, which is hard on the tummy, I remain—

EVEN if you are reading this column for the first time, you have undoubtedly heard tell of pastel stockings for summer. Van Raalte is now jumping forth with elbow-length gloves in pale blue, pale pink, beige, and so on. These are of a fine silk mesh that does not squeak when you clench your fists, would be very attractive on young things, and is cool enough for very hot weather. At Altman.

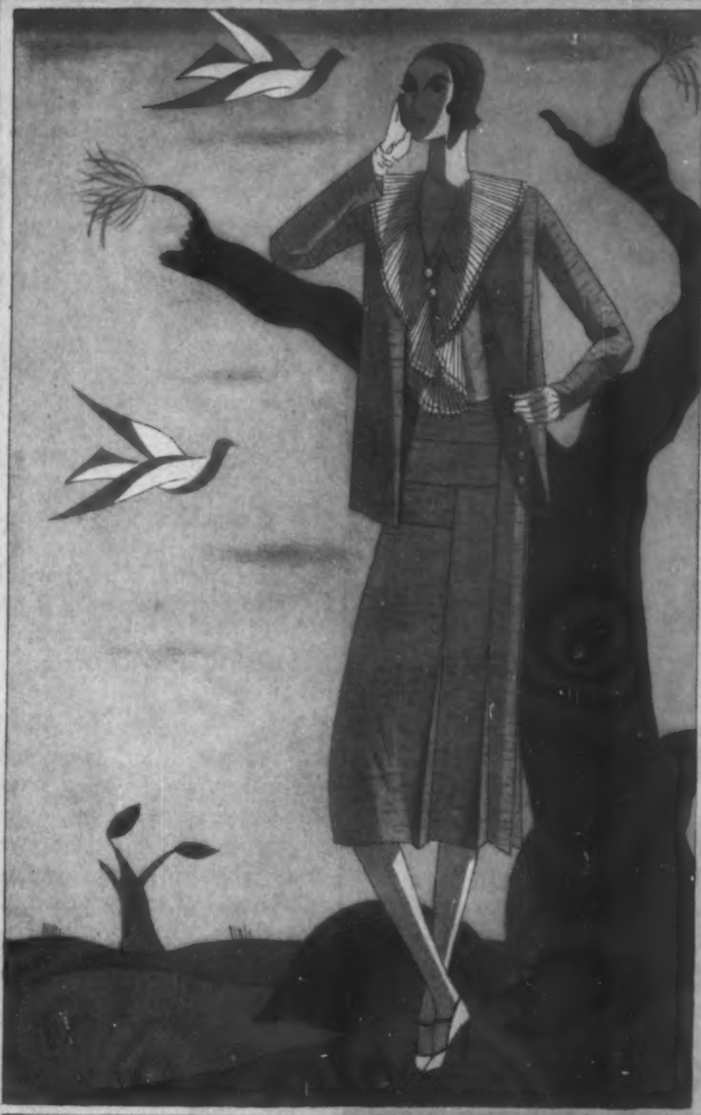
BOTH a professional and a personal boon will be conferred on this department by any person who tells us where to buy clothes, for little girls of two, that do not commit any of the following abominations: (1) have bloomers showing below the dress—ugh!; (2) use exclusively baby fabrics that are so insulting—pinks, blues, darling little sprigged muslins, and ducky-daddle prints; (3) have smocking and fullness that make them look bunchier than they are already. There must be some mothers outside of France who love straight, skimpy, incredibly short dresses in swell colors. Or maybe everybody likes a child to *look* like a sweet sap, no matter how much she worries Mother with sophisticated deviltries.

—L. L.

AS TO MEN

Linen and the Laundry —Advice to Amateurs —How to Find Planets

HARDENED as we are by now to tales of the exceptional qualities



BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET
NEW YORK

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PHILADELPHIA

The Season's Outstanding Fashion . . . The Feminine Three-Piece Suit Is Particularly Smart in

RAJAH

Its informal character and rough surface meet the 1930 requirements of a smart fabric . . . It tailors beautifully, its soft colours are flattering and it launders perfectly.

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' SUITS, SECOND FLOOR

GENUINE R&T SILKS

Woman is never lovelier than in the light of . . .
. . . WAXELS

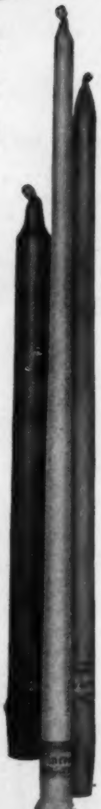
Delicious little lights and shadows of ever-changing charm . . soft illumination . . friendliness . . the poise, ease and happiness of a "party" atmosphere . . these always attend the use of Waxels.

And no other light gives such color and beauty to the table itself or can be so easily varied in placement.

Don't be content to dine by the light you use for Work. *Always dine by WAXELS.*

Dripless, smokeless, odorless, fade-proofed, mar-proofed, non-bending . . these are the world's finest candles. And they burn so long that they are also the most economical to use. A single box will last the average family for weeks. Go to your dealer and ask him to show you the many colors and sizes—*Vassar*, *Princess* and *Mayfair* shapes. . . . Descriptive leaflet on request.

WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., *Inc.*
15 E. 32 St., New York City
Studios : Syracuse, New York



Mayfair Vassar Princess

Work by Electric Light
DINE by WAXELS

Waxels
THE FRIENDLY LIGHT

of this or that piece of merchandise, we were really impressed by the hidden virtues of some English poplin shirts at Albert Leonard George's shop, 608 Madison Avenue. The poplin was already guaranteed against shrinking by the makers, but before Mr. George cut the cloth up into shirts, he had it shrunk again by soaking it in hot water for twenty-four hours. He promises that these shirts, with proper laundering, will be the size the last time you wear them that they were the first time you tried them on.

The ties in this shop have also been made intelligently. They tie well because they are cut on a true bias from squares of English silk, and the majority are without linings. The foulards (there are some swell patterns among them) are usually seven-fold, but even this idea has not been carried too far. The heavier, woven Spitalfields are much too bulky to be made that way, so these have only enough folds to allow a neat knot. Incidentally, the Spitalfields sold in this shop are actually made of Spitalfield silk, which is unusual now that the word is being used carelessly to describe any kind of a tie with a small woven pattern.

HAMILTON STEFFIN, 500 Madison Avenue, is an exceptional custom shirtmaker, for he carries no cheaply manufactured, ready-made shirts to attract customers by their inexpensiveness. He also makes dressing gowns, and instead of trying to sell you a robe from his stock of samples, prefers to have customers design their own. If they wish he will help with suggestions about materials, lapels, monograms, and the like.

His robes are not expensive; for instance, a plain colored-flannel one costs only $35. Just now, he is suggesting short jackets, made of the same flannel, to be worn as blazers. These may be any color and have any kind of piping and monogram you wish. In rather sober colors without piping they can be had for $25; monograms are extra, of course.

WHEN something goes wrong with a shirt, and you complain to the man who made it, he is apt to blame the laundry. As often as not he's right; some of the laundries in this town can destroy the finest workmanship without half trying. If, however, you are willing to pay a little more for careful handling of your collars and linen, there is a place that will return your shirts to you in recognizable con-

SNAPPY NIGHTWORK

Don't get tangled up with a battery of bottles and jars after a hard night's dancing—concentrate on Geranium Cream. Pat it on, rub it in—skin food, gentle bleach, wrinkle eradicator, contour refiner all in one... Use in the morning as a make-up foundation and your nose won't shine.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

At your favorite Fifth Avenue shop or department store

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Modern
Art
In
Corsetry
Corsets and
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Evening Brassieres
Strapless—Clinging—Slenderizing

MISS ELEANOR, Inc.
(Formerly with Mme. Binner)
44 West 56th Street, New York
Circle 5655

Exquisite Bridal Lingerie **from Paris at correct prices. Estimates on Trousseaux.**

rose-spilo·53 e.60th st.

dition. A. Forziati, 518 West Thirty-sixth Street, charges twenty-five cents for soft shirts and forty cents for plain dress shirts, but he's worth it. He does work for dealers whose stock has become soiled in handling, and is very careful to carry out special instructions—about the way you want the wings of your dress collars ironed back, for example. His men will call and deliver; the phone number is Medallion 0837.

WE forget that the trout season had opened in New York State until we saw Abercrombie & Fitch's window in Madison Avenue. It seemed to contain everything the most crotchety fisherman could want, and we're sure any article that by some chance wasn't in the window was on sale upstairs. If you are enough of a fisherman to start paddling about in brooks while the water is still icy, you won't listen to any advice from the likes of us about the kind of equipment you should have. If you are a beginner, we suggest you go in and ask the advice of the salesmen who sell fishing tackle. You'll find them experienced, helpful, and kind.

THE discovery of that new planet has brought some celestial gadgets into prominence. Herbert & Huesgen, 18 East Forty-second Street, offer fledgling astronomers the Barritt-Serviss Star and Planet Finder, a circular map of the sky which revolves so that it can establish the constellations in correct relationship to the months of the year. This department does not quite understand how it works, but unhesitatingly recommends it to amateurs. At Abercrombie & Fitch we saw two small globes on wooden stands; one represented the earth and the other the sky. They will look decorative in a library long after the present enthusiasm for planets has died away.

—G. McC.

•

Those of the alumni who read the Bulletin with interest have probably noticed that there was no March issue.—*Taft Alumni Bulletin.*

Oh, people don't go over things with a fine-toothed comb.

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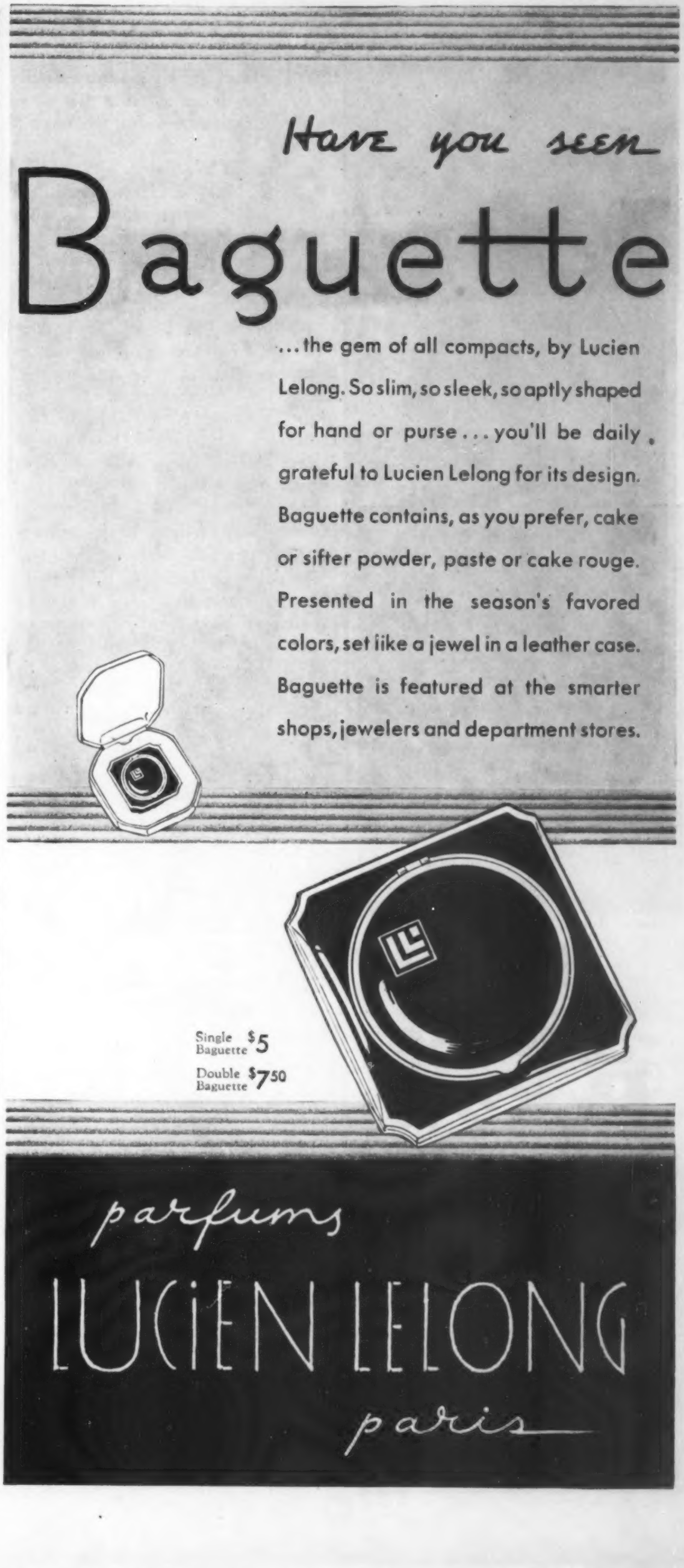
In each cucumber hill, I plant a nasturtium and am never bothered with bugs.—*Household Journal.*

We did that once, and weren't even bothered with nasturtiums.



Have you seen

Baguette

...the gem of all compacts, by Lucien Lelong. So slim, so sleek, so aptly shaped for hand or purse... you'll be daily grateful to Lucien Lelong for its design. Baguette contains, as you prefer, cake or sifter powder, paste or cake rouge. Presented in the season's favored colors, set like a jewel in a leather case. Baguette is featured at the smarter shops, jewelers and department stores.

Single Baguette $5

Double Baguette $7.50

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THE SAVOY-PLAZA

Majestic and Impressive with the 840 acres of Central Park at its doors . . . One of the world's distinguished hotels with the most beautiful outlook in New York.

Suites for permanent as well as transient occupancy. Two to as many rooms as may be desired.

Illustrated Brochure on Request

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
58th to 59th STREET

Henry A. Rost, President

Under the same administration as The Plaza Hotel

GOOD STORY

HELLO! Da desk pleass!

Joe, gotta good story—hundret-thousand-dollar silk job—four men wit guns—cops grab 'em all. . . . O.K.

Hello! Who's dis? . . . Who? . . . Oh, hello, Mahty. Geez. I ain't had you in a long time, Mahty. How's everything? . . . Dat's good. . . . Huh? . . . Oh, yeah, I got rid of her all right. . . . No, da liquor was all right, it was them shrimps made me sick. . . . Yeah.

Well, here goes. Shortly before four o'clock dis mornin' four men, armed to da teet (dat's a good line, ain't it, Mahty?), jimmied open a rear window of da silk house of Rosenbum Bruddas at three hundret and eighty-eight Fourth Avena in an attempt to get away wit a shipment of one hundret thousand dollars' wort of silk received yesterday by da foim. (About one hundret dollars would be closer, Mahty.)

As dey was placin' da silk rolls in bags preparatory to takin' it to a truck dey had waitin', Patrolman Wortenhimer of the East Thoitieth Street Station, one of the honor men of the Department who was vigilantly patrollin' his beat (speako to speako, for da collections, you know) seen da flash of da boiglars' light in da window of da establishment.

He immediately summoned Headquarters and Detectives Wienderloft and Gillcuddihy of da Safe and Loft Squad shot to da scene. Wit da aid of twelve members of an emergency squad, dey boldly entered the place. Wit drawn guns and led by da detectives, dey crept noiselessly up da stairs from da Lexington Avena side of da place. (Ain't dat a laugh, Mahty? Can ya imagine big Hoiman Wienderloft goin' up stairs noiselessly? Hooly geez, wit dem dogs? Dat's a good one.)

Well, da detectives found da door on da second floor locked and summoned da men wit'in to surrender. Receivin' no answer (da four kids pullin' da job was so scared dey *couldn't* answer!) dey busted down da door and collared the four. In defendin' demselves from da boiglars' onslaught (yeah!) da detectives and members of the emergency squad found it necessary to subdue dem. Two of da men received possible fractures of da skull and internal injuries and da other two received serious abrasions and contusions about da face and body. All was removed to Bellevue.

Loadet revolvers was found upon

44 GRAMERCY PARK (North)

Informed women appreciate the desirability of an address on Gramercy Park; these apartments, with southern exposure, continue the fine living standards of a fine neighborhood.

3 to 5 rooms—larger apartments may be arranged—terraces—open fireplaces—dining galleries—modern kitchens with fans, silent refrigeration. Structural and decorative refinements seldom found even in the finest cooperatives. A rental building ready this summer.

ALBERT B. ASHFORTH INC
12 East 44th Street MURray Hill 1100

A MEROWIT BUILDING

LEARN TO DANCE TO THE SUAVE RHYTHM NOW IN VOGUE . . . . .

Eileen and Carol O'Kane have taught many of New York's smart set the complete satisfaction of meeting their partners with perfect assurance after a few private lessons in ballroom dancing. Tango . . . Waltz . . . Foxtrot.

EILEEN and CAROL O'KANE
Hotel Lombardy
111 East 56
Plaza 8600
STUDIO OF DANCING

Steamer Baskets!

When he, she or they sail, entrain or arrive, a Hicks Steamer Basket or Bon Voyage Box certainly helps! To your order, cabled, radio'd, or delivered.

And by the way—have you tried a Hicks Soda lately?

H. HICKS & SON INC
675 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
At 53rd St. *Plaza 5483*
ESTABLISHED 1863

all of da prisoners. (Yeah, planted dere by Gillcuddihy. He brought up a suitcase load of 'em wit him.)

The collar was declared by police officials to be one of the finest of the year. Police Commissioner Whalen declared the men figurin' in da capture would be awarded with promotions to first-grade.

Well, dat's about all I got now, Mahty. Here goes for da names . . .

—THEODORE DIBBLE

•

WE STAND CORRECTED

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
WASHINGTON.

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

I NOTE in the New Yorker for April 5, Alexander Woollcott's interesting article on page 32 entitled "A Footnote to History," in which he says that on receipt of the gift of the manuscript of the "Gettysburg Address" (from John Hay's children), the Library of Congress sent them merely a form letter of acknowledgment and no further communication on the subject went to them from the Library. This is the cause for some wonderment, since the correspondence in relation to the gift of the "Gettysburg Address" was published in full in our Annual Report for 1916.

From the photostat copies of the pages of the Report which I enclose, you will see that on the day when the two drafts of the Address came to us, they were acknowledged by the Librarian's letter to Mr. Clarence L. Hay as "the most precious individual documents that have ever been entrusted to me during the seventeen years that I have been in charge of the Library—priceless relics of one of the noblest figures of history."

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK W. ASHLEY
Chief Assistant Librarian

•

In Chicopee, Mass., H. William Lord, 56, suddenly awakened from an amnesia which had made him for four years unable to tell what was going on, found he had grown a long beard. When told about Hoover, Lindbergh, the Philadelphia Athletics, and new size paper currency, H. William Lord expressed surprise.—*Time.*

Tinged, we hope, with pride.

TANGEE
TANGEE
TANGEE

Its color changes to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

There is only one TANGEE. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.

Tangee *Lipstick,* $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact,* 75c . . . *Crême Rouge,* $1. *Face Powder,* blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream,* both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream,* a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic,* a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . indelible, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.

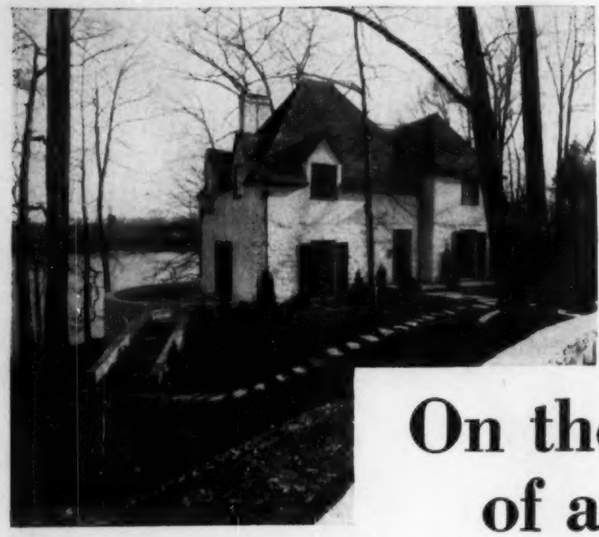
SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(All six items in miniature and "Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. N-2
417 Fifth Avenue . . . New York

Name..........

Address..........

TANGEE
DAY
NIGHT
TANGEE
TANGEE



On the shore of a lake

Here is a charming French provincial house surrounded by beautiful trees and a lawn sloping to a private lake. It contains a large living room with rough plaster walls and a beamed ceiling—dining room, pantry and kitchen. . . . 4 master bedrooms, 2 colored tile bathrooms —maid's room and bath. A spacious 2-car attached garage. In a restricted neighborhood, with golf, bathing and tennis privileges. See the house today—you'll like it.

Fish & Marvin
Since 1889

94 West Putnam Avenue
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Twelve branch offices in Westchester and Southern Connecticut

ORIGINAL MODELS...½ PRICED

If You Can Wear Sample Sizes, You Can Obtain at Maxon's the Most Luxurious and Most Fascinating Frocks, Suits and Coats at About Half of the Prices Prevailing Elsewhere: $16 to $169 — because They Are Originals, and Only One of a Kind ...New Easter Models Have Just Arrived... Brochure on Request

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60 EAST 54th STREET
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HOTEL et RESTAURANT
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LANGUAGES TAUGHT
Quickly—Correctly
FRENCH SPANISH
ITALIAN GERMAN
Native teachers. Conversational method
Private lesson 75c
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PAR LET

PARIS, APRIL 9

THE adaptation of Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," known as "A Wonderful Night," may have been only a minor event to blasé old New York, but to musically modest Paris, eager as a young girl for good and gay waltzes, its recent de luxe presentation was a great treat. The affair was held in Baron de Rothschild's Théâtre Pigalle, to insure its being smart, and had an array of talent from the high and low lands of Europe not equalled since Louis XIV made war on the Netherlands, and Holland and Germany were all the rage. The piece was staged here by the Wagnerian Society of Amsterdam under Horth, director of the Berlin Staatsoper, with choruses furnished by the Singing School of Dresden and the Russian Choir of Paris. The Symphonic Orchestra of Paris played under the baton of Bruno Walter, ordinarily leader of the Gewandhaus of Leipzig, who was in turn assisted by Van Goudoever of the Opera of Coburg. The many singers included Lotte Schœne of the Berlin Staatsoper, Magda Strack from Karlsruhe, Rose Anday from Vienna, and others from the ex-royal opera houses of Hamburg, Freiburg, and possibly Graustark.

When we add that the décors came from The Hague, you may realize that the production was just one big family, most of which had never seen the rest before.

THE second big spring outburst gave us the Guitrys in a revue entitled "Et Vive le Théâtre"—as opposed, apparently, to *Vive les Movies.* The idea was to prove that no matter what Paramount Famous Lasky have been saying, the theatre is not dead; though after the Guitrys' first night, there was a feeling that, hot or cold, it ought to go out in the morning. Indeed the revue proved merely that French history and Yvonne Printemps are not dead. There was the quaint 1830 sketch and, after the passage of many stage years, there was the lady herself, as Alain Gerbault, who has so little taste for the human voice that he spends his time alone in the middle of oceans to avoid hearing the voices of others or using his own. However, as the Guitrys say, "Long Live the Theatre!"

LETTER

Well, at any rate, long live and let live. . . .

SOME extremely interesting French experiments in English Restoration comedies have been given at the Atelier, a little Montmartre house long identified with brains, and last year with Ben Jonson's "Epicœne" and "Volpone." Farquhar's "The Beaux' Stratagem," translated by Constantin-Weyer, recent Goncourt prizeman, was the first offering, and was directed by Dullin, who is easily one of the first non-boulevard directors in France today.

AN uprising has taken place in the ranks of the interior decorators here. The powerful and commercially inclined Société des Artistes-Décorateurs has recently lost leaders as important as Jourdain, Mallet-Stevens, Herbst, Charlotte Perriand of the Corbusier atelier, and Sonia Delaunay—a notable criticism of the organization, for they represent some of the most successful eletics of Parisian *Modernismus.* Their secession is, they claim, a protest against what they term the vulgarization of the modern manner which has been accentuated by the Artistes-Décorateurs' relations with the Fifth Floor or House-Furnishing Department of several big stores here. In the meantime, they are preparing their own separate, uncommercial show which is to be held at the Pavillon Marsan in June.

The May exhibition of the Artistes-Décorateurs will come off as usual at the Grand Palais, with the Groppius group from the Bauhaus invited, and already enrolled for a third of the space. (Don't miss a look in if you're here at the time.) This will be the first official visit in Paris of the Dessau designers, who come from Anhalt and whose style is always knowingly referred to here as *vrai Munichois.* Considering that the *Bauhausherren* will probably be popular enough to take orders for cork chairs and pigskin sofas right away from their hosts, the French decorators' invitation to them is in the finest and most foolish tradition of Parisian gallantry.

THE final proof that spring is here has been furnished by the French Alpine Club's appearing in its shirt-sleeves while scaling the cliffs in the forest of Fontainebleau. Most people don't know there are cliffs in Fon-

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tainebleau, even after they see them; but to Alpine climbers deprived of their Jungfraus, the rocks in the once royal domains are a haven of unrest from Saturday to Monday. Though lacking in snow, view, and edelweiss, the geological formation, if low, freakishly furnishes the technical elements necessary to keep a climber in practice—the niches, "chimneys," and whatnot that require hobnailed boots and courage to ascend. Between Chailly and Fontainebleau is the most patronized peak, entitled Dalle Prester in honor of the first brave man known to ascend it. It is a little less in height than the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, which the Alpinists wouldn't be allowed to climb even if they wanted to. Sunday is the Dalle Prester's busy day; all the night before the Alpiners lie at its what you might call base, wrapped in their sleeping bags. All during Sunday-school time climbers scramble up and down its surface, taking their turns like enthusiasts on the tee of a public golf course. By noon nearby Barbizon, once the scene of nothing more virile than Corot's painting, is overpowered by the presence of brawny climbers with hearty appetites, alpenstocks, *Lodenmäntel*, and everything except St. Bernards. Sport is made little of in French college curricula; boys go to school not to make forward passes but to learn. This explains the young French businessman's passion for Sunday games which the American gave up on the last Saturday of his senior year.

The rating of the French Alpine Club members is excellent; most of them have climbed in Wales, Switzerland, Austria, or India. To such men the little rocks of Fontainebleau must be a relief, for climbers alone comprehend the meaning of "The higher, the fewer." —GENÊT

•

Miss Edmonds Robsion, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Robsion, wore a unique costume representing a Kentucky garden, fresh vegetables being used for the entire outfit. With the dress of cabbage leaves, the neck and waistline of which was outlined with carrots, Miss Robsion wore a shoulder bouquet of radishes and carried a large arm bouquet of cauliflower. Her earrings were green peas and her necklace was made of string beans, with bracelets of white onions and new potatoes completing the ensemble. Mr. Berryman was Sir Christopher Columbus.—*Washington Evening Star.*

And mighty lucky for her he didn't go as George Bernard Shaw.

LITTLE DRAMAS OF NEW YORK LIFE

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TEN EYCK OR PERSHING? PERSHING OR TEN EYCK?

FELLOW-MEMBERS of Afternoon Delphian—*and* Madam President, I beg your pardon. My enthusiasm, you know. Madam President and fellow-members of Afternoon Delphian, this afternoon I want to take up a matter that is of sentimental importance not alone to those of us who belong to the Society, but to every man, woman, and child, regardless of race, creed, or color, in Orange County.

It is a subject which has been mulling over in the minds of many of us for a good while. It is a matter that we are all acquainted with, in a way at least. It is something we all have discussed at some time or another, and deferred action on at least twice in the past. I refer to the naming of Ten Eyck Street, or rather, the renaming of Ten Eyck Street.

NOW some of our members who have moved here from other suburbs or other parts of the country may not know it, but they could have guessed that Pershing Avenue was not always Pershing Avenue. I mean, of course, in name. Pershing Avenue has always been one of our best streets, but you could tell by the beautiful trees and by the lovely old homes that still remain on Pershing Avenue that it wasn't a new street, like Sunnycliffe Terrace, which used to be just farm land, but is now one of our best streets. Don't get me wrong, please.

But as I say, for the benefit of those who have come here in the last ten years, we didn't always call that avenue Pershing Avenue. From time immemorial it was known as Ten Eyck Street. It was one of the first streets in the community. As a matter of historical record, George Washington and the American army are supposed to have marched on at least part of what later became Ten Eyck Street. Well, to get on with what I have to say first. When the war came, naturally we wanted to do honor to our war heroes. We know all about the hysteria of war, how everybody gets hysterical and gets patriotic out of all reason. Some friends of mine in Scranton tell me they were going to change the name of the Jermyn Hotel there because it sounded like German, capital G-e-r-m-a-n, although the hotel is spelled capital J-e-r-m-y-n. Things like that, you understand. So some of our super-patriots, as someone called

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We hate to see it go. There's something truly sporting about clipping a coupon. You never know what will happen. For instance, you could spend Sunday night clipping coupons and on Thursday morning the postman would present you with a travel booklet, a seed catalogue, a sample box of breakfast food, a pair of rubber boots (for ten days' trial) and a pamphlet telling you how to earn $1.50 an hour in your spare time. And that was only the beginning of the fun. From then on you could always expect some pleasant little surprise from the postman —some loving remembrance from your new-found and thoughtful friends.

In order to keep alive this manly sport and its fine old traditions we have decided to prepare some coupons ourself. To all those who enter into the spirit of the thing and fill out and clip these coupons we offer, as a handsome reward, at least 52 copies of The New Yorker, and maybe more, depending on which square you check.

This means that every week the postman will hand you a neatly wrapped magazine with your own name spelled correctly on the wrapper. You're apt to find 'most anything inside—that's part of the fun. Then, when you're all through reading it, it's nice to know that you still have the latest copy of The New Yorker lying around to impress your friends or to put on a chair when you want to stand on it.

And all for clipping a coupon! Of course, there's a small charge of $5.00 which will be used in the preparing of more coupons and the keeping alive of this excellent custom. Just so there would be no excuse for your getting lax and not cooperating, we have wisely arranged our coupon so that you can have The New Yorker sent to a friend in case you are already receiving it.

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them, thought it would be the thing to do to change Ten Eyck to some patriotic name. They thought of Wilson, but that was opposed on account of perhaps an implied offence to the Republicans. Wilson was a Democrat, of course. And they thought of Foch and Lloyd George and other foreign names, but someone had the good sense to point out that what if we had war with England or France in the future? Then those names would be odious. So they finally decided on Pershing because General Pershing seemed safe, being the head commander of our army.

There was some protest at the time by some of the old residents, naturally among some of the descendants of the Ten Eycks. They said that in their way they were just as patriotic as Pershing, or the name was. But they were voted down because every other place you could think of was changing some name or other to Liberty Street or Victory Street, and our community wanted to show its patriotism.

BUT now I think it's been Pershing Avenue long enough. I was reading in the paper the other day that quite a few Liberty Streets have gone back to the old names, like Von Steuben and other German names. Well, if they're doing that, I should think we'd be willing to go back to Ten Eyck. Some of us with good American names like Brooks and Griswold and Hay and names like that, if we'd stop to think a moment, we'd recall that as far as American history is concerned, Ten Eyck is as good a name as any of them. It wasn't that we had anything against Ten Eyck to begin with, of course, but the Ten Eycks deserve better treatment; so I think, and a lot of other people think, that it's time we made amends to this good old name.

I've talked it over with a good many people. I admit I have a cousin who

Rancho Rea

BY DAY

Ridin' hell for leather down Suicide Trail—lopin' beneath the arching forests 'cross-country to the Indian pueblos or the sulphur springs—cheerin' soft-voiced but hard-muscled cowboys as they bust broncs and bulldog steers—whippin' a speckled one out of rushin' streams—poppin' a wild turkey off a hundred-foot pine—campin' with nothin' but woods, sky, brooks and the little cow hoss—gettin' a rest only the serene mountains can give you—you can bet your poke it's . . . . *Buenas Dias!*

BY NIGHT

Eating a dinner by imported chefs—bridge in a huge Aztec-beamed lounge—dancing to Vallee or Lombardo—participating in an old-fashioned "Cripple Creek Saturday Night" at the Trading Post—a swim in the big pool—plans for tomorrow's tennis tournament or fox hunt—then to your luxurious room with its tiled bath and merrily blazing fireplace—sinking into a downy bed, slipping off to dreamless sleep amid absolute mountain silence—truly, indeed, you'll say . . . . *Buenas Noches*

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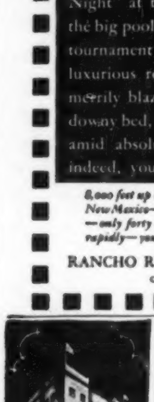

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married a Ten Eyck and may be a little prejudiced, but I talked it over with Mr. Inness, who is head of the American Legion, and he agrees with me and says the Legion wouldn't mind. "Far from it," he said, "especially some of us that knew Pershing." He chuckled when he said it. And I talked it over with old Mr. Brady, our last surviving Civil War veteran, and when I finally made it clear what I was saying—he's getting deafer all the time—he approved of it. He said the G. A. R. post was called Peter Ten Eyck Post, so naturally he approved of it. Incidentally, that shows that Ten Eyck is a good old name.

So I think those that were for Pershing Avenue ought to be satisfied. They've had it that way for over eleven years, nearly twelve, and they ought to be willing to make this concession. Nobody in the community is related to Pershing, as far as I know, so it isn't a personal matter in that respect. On the other hand, there are some Ten Eyck connections here, and since it's one of the oldest families in the whole county, we ought to treasure the name for posterity, and what better way to do so than to have one of our principal streets named for Ten Eyck?

This Society has a lot of influence in things like that. Practically all the members of the City Beautiful Committee belong to Afternoon Delphian, and almost all of our suggestions become part and parcel of the City Beautiful program. So I think a sensible discussion right now, under normal conditions and no war hysteria, I think we could engineer it. . . . By the way, we could have the official changing of the name postponed until the Fourth of July or Memorial Day, so that everybody on Pershing Avenue could use up their stationery with the Pershing Avenue address. —JOHN O'HARA

•

Consider an amalgamation of Hemingway, W. R. Burnett, Morley Callaghan, and Ring Lardner, you would have a fair idea of the style and technique of Mr. Hammett.—*Mystery-story review in Town and Country.*

You mean he's a good writer?

•

As a result of playing a musical wind instrument my upper lip is enlarged to twice its natural size. What can be done?

A.—It would be advisable to stop playing the instrument for a while.—*Dr. Copeland in the Long Island Press.*

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TEE AND GREEN

Cutting the Sod—The New Handicaps — This Year's Walker Cup Team

THE local season began for us with a chilly round some weeks ago at the Rockland Club, up on the Bear Mountain Road. The course there is as pretty as any within an hour's drive from town; it only takes forty minutes, as a matter of fact, to reach it once you are across the Forty-second Street ferry. What spoiled our score was the weather. A high wind was rolling across the Palisade on which the clubhouse perches; the water in the tee-boxes was frozen solid. Hastily putting on our gloves after every shot, we decided that Florida was still the place for golf at that time of year.

There have been changes since. For one thing, the public courses have been opened—a sure sign of spring: they are always kept closed until the first official divot, hacked out with a spade, shows that the sod has life in it.

AS a further challenge to the belated warmth, the Metropolitan Golf Association and the U.S.G.A. have announced the dates of their tournaments. The National Open will be played at the Interlachen Club, in Minneapolis, in July; the Met Open at Fairview later in the same month. In May the Women's Metropolitan Championship will be played at the Engineers' Club at Roslyn; the American Walker Cup team will play at St. George's, Sandwich, England; the Metropolitan Association will hold one-day tournaments (eighteen holes of medal play, with prizes for the low net and low gross scores) at Essex County, Westchester Hills, the Engineers', and Grassy Sprain. This is the time to get your new handicap.

For those who have never had one before, we may mention that the procedure is to write the Metropolitan Golf Association at 2 Rector Street for an application blank. When you fill out the blank, pin a dollar bill to it and enclose cards of your five best scores at your own club and two scores you have made at some other club. The Association will not handicap you unless you are a member of a recognized club in the Metropolitan District, which includes about half of New Jersey and Connecticut. Incidentally, they have received a thousand more applications than they had this time last year; there is no use delaying if you want to get into the local tournaments. The maximum handicap allowed is 25. They figure par at 72, so to win with a handicap of 25 your usual game should be about 97. Most of the fellows who won the one-day tournaments last year were handicapped between 20 and 25. If you shoot 150, they'll give you 25 just the same, but the handicap card will be useful in getting you privileges when you are playing away from home. They even seem to respect a Met handicap in Europe.

LAST season quite a few celebrated amateurs moved here from other districts. The only one reported this year is T. P. Perkins. For some reason he was said to have had trouble with the other members of the British Walker Cup team he came over with two years ago, but the Americans who played against him liked him very much. Maybe he reciprocated; anyway, he didn't go back when his teammates went. He's in the bond business now and belongs to a Staten Island club. The English team is going to miss him.

This English Walker Cup team is in hot water all around. It is coming up against the best combination we have ever sent over. That's one side of the situation. The other is that this is the worst team that has ever represented England. In making its selections, the Royal and Ancient Society of St. An-

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New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR

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drews gave free rein to its royal and ancient snobbery. It ruled that the champion of England and the champion of Scotland were not good enough to play for Great Britain in an international match—the former, perhaps, because he has a job in a mill and never attended a fashionable school, and the latter, apparently, because he is a Scotsman.

NO doubt it is foolish for anyone on this side of the Atlantic to get indignant about the actions of the Royal and Ancient Society. The men the Society chose for the team were picked merely provisionally. Just the same, the list was undoubtedly put out to test reactions to the omission of William Sutton and John Bookless. Those names don't mean much over here. William Sutton beat Tolley last year for the championship of England. Bookless won the Scottish championship. The explanation for leaving Bookless out might be that he didn't play in enough tournaments to convince the selection committee of his class. No one can say that about Sutton. He didn't sit back after winning the English championship. He went down to Sandwich for the championship of Great Britain, and gave his familiar opponent Tolley a terrible fight. Tolley won by a putt on the last green.

We have no bone to pick with the Royal and Ancient Society for putting Tolley on the team. He is not a bad golfer. Yet somehow we have to hand Sutton a little more credit. He didn't start with the same advantages as, say, Roger Wethered, who is an old friend of the Prince of Wales. He grew up in that industrial district in the North of England known as the Black Country. He played golf on Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and holidays, riding his bicycle to the course

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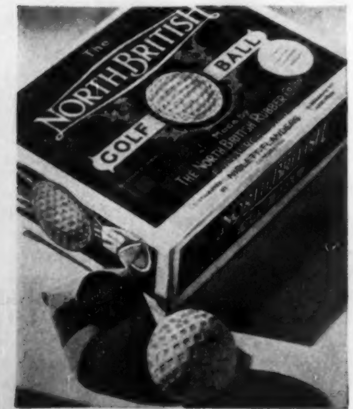

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and taking his lunch along. He won the championship of England with a set of borrowed clubs. Even if the Royal and Ancient Society does not ultimately keep him off the team for lacking the right background, it certainly started in poor taste by letting everybody know it wanted to.

THE peculiar omissions in the provisional list of selections for the British Walker Cup team are only one of many reasons we are glad that the Royal and Ancient Society, which has some pretension to being the world's final authority on golf, does not exercise jurisdiction over American golf. The U.S.G.A. is not simon-pure, but at least it has got past the feudal stage. In England, the status of a golf pro is still about that of a gardener or a chauffeur. Pros are expected to stand to one side and tip their caps to members. In some ways that isn't a bad thing. Many of our clubs suffer from the bad manners of cocky assistant pros, but after a golfer has established his reputation it seems silly to keep him out of the clubhouse and make him eat, in the English fashion, with the servants.

For a long time the free and easy conduct of American pros dumbfounded the British public, but by degrees they got used to it. There is a story of how Harold Hilton, an amateur, sat down beside the eighteenth green to see the finish of an Open championship. "Hello, Harry," he called as Vardon, the pro, holed out. "What did you take?"

"Seventy-two, Mr. Hilton. Thank you, sir," said Vardon, tipping his cap.

Hagen came up after him and holed a long putt.

"What's that in for?" called the amateur.

"Seventy, Harold," said Hagen, strolling off.

He had to win the British Open four times before they forgave him for that sort of thing. —N. B., JR.

•

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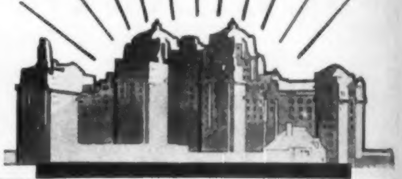

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INDOOR POLO

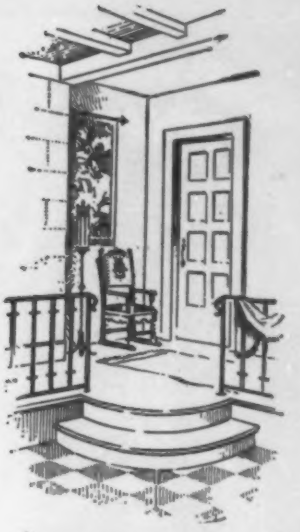
The Optimists at the Top — Consolation — Lieutenant Jones, U. S. A.

WITH yards of gold and blue bunting stored in the cellar and the stables strangely empty after a month of capacity business, the Squadron's armory returns now to a purely military life and its weary polo ponies resume their morning exercise in the Park. The National indoor-polo championships have ended for another year.

The final ceremony, the winning of the Open championship, proved to be little more than a formality. Not even the Optimists themselves expected to end the long rule of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club by as clean-cut a margin as they did. The game, save for the two middle periods, was merely an exposition of how to play polo. There is not much use in discussing the merits of a team which nobody could beat all season long. The scoreboard speaks eloquently enough for them. The Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club had won the National Open three years running, and during those years never lost a game in which they were not called on to give away a handicap at the start. The scoreboard at the finish of the last game of this year's championships showed that the Optimists had beaten them by a margin of twelve and a half goals. There isn't much words can add to that.

About the best tribute to the skill of the losers is the fact that the Optimists have looked far worse this season against teams that could not hold a candle to the combination of Carl Pflug, Gerard Smith, and Warren Sackman. It took their play to provide the perfect foil for the polo of the new masters of the game. Despite the fact that they must have felt thoroughly discouraged at times, Brooklyn never stopped trying.

APPARENTLY Winston Guest and Lieutenant Jones are the backbone of the Optimists, for the team did equally well whether Raymond Guest or Michael Phipps was in front. Raymond Guest was not present that final evening. He had wanted very badly to stay and win the Open, but Yale decided that he belonged on their



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team. Wearing his brother's old "Y" jersey for luck, Raymond went back to New Haven and took his beating, while his cousin, Michael Phipps, took the silverware that went with the winning of the Open. Raymond, however, has the satisfaction of knowing he has played on the most remarkable team indoor polo has ever had, at least in modern times.

IT is, of course, absurd to single out one member of any team in a sport where coördinated effort counts for as much as it does in polo, but it is hard to escape the feeling that the wiry Lieutenant McDonald Jones, who is incidentally about the best back in the game today, has had more to do with the success of the Optimists than any other member. Jones has contributed an enthusiasm for polo that no amount of riding or playing seemed to dull. All season long he has been at it. Afternoon after afternoon he has been in the Armory, schooling mounts and enjoying himself. This is probably the reason for his success. He never fails to have a good time, he never loses confidence. Before important games, most players will be nervously walking or riding about; Jones will be sitting slouched and motionless on his pony, looking deceptively lazy.

The same energy that he carries into a game keeps him busy off the tanbark. The tall wooden boxes and the extra seats at Squadron A, set up for the Nationals, were put there by Jones. While the officials were holding meetings to discuss the best methods of having this done, he was buying government lumber and persuading government carpenters to give up some of their spare time. When the official meetings had ended, he was able to report the boxes already in place.

At the horse show Jones was everywhere at once, making visiting officers feel at home. He spent the afternoon helping show Winston Guest's mounts, and still had time to become an intimate of a mysterious fellow in a huge cow-

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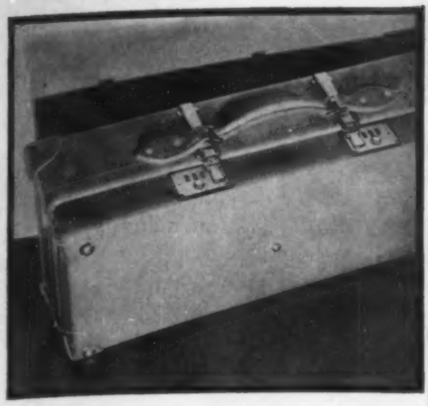

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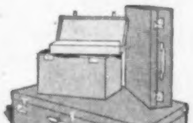

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boy hat. The pair left arm in arm, and that evening the broad-hatted stranger sat with Jones in the official box. He was probably some horse-dealer from the open spaces, and it is also probable that, before he departed, Jones had arranged for the use of the best horses he brought East with him. All through the season the Optimists have been very well mounted—better mounted, in fact, than any of the other teams. Jones has had some of Winston Guest's ponies to ride, but he has found others himself. They have all gone beautifully for him, but he probably got them because their owners were unable to control them without using violence. Jones can make almost anything with four legs play polo, even if it has a steel-lined mouth.

Preceded by vague reports from the South that he was a good army player, Jones arrived here in 1928. On an October afternoon at Meadow Brook Captain Wilkinson stopped somebody's backhander with his jaw and was through with polo for several weeks. Jones mounted Wilkinson's pony at once and finished out that game. He then made a good showing in several others. Last year he played indoors for the first time. In his second season he has a handicap of eight goals, and it is practically certain he will be rated at nine before another season starts.

ODDS AND ENDS: Two All-America teams—Gerard S. Smith, Winston Guest, Lieutenant McDonald Jones; E. A. S. Hopping, Cyril Harrison, Warren Sackman. . . . All right, put anyone you like on that second team, but leave the first alone to bet on. . . . The Argentine players' exhibition game of indoor polo was interesting. It wasn't good polo, but if they ever take up the game in earnest, only the Optimists will be able to beat them. These gentlemen can ride. . . . Lieutenant Jones is going to Mitchel Field with the army outdoor players this year. He may show up in the International test matches. . . . It is also possible that Australia, or that other grand Guest pony, the sensational gray, may get into the same matches after a few weeks of rest. —MARTINGALE

•

Germany last year spent $1,075,000,000 on drink. The bill would have been greater but for the fact that drink is very cheap in Germany.—*Clipsheet of Board of Temperance, M. E. Church.*

We never looked at it in quite that way.

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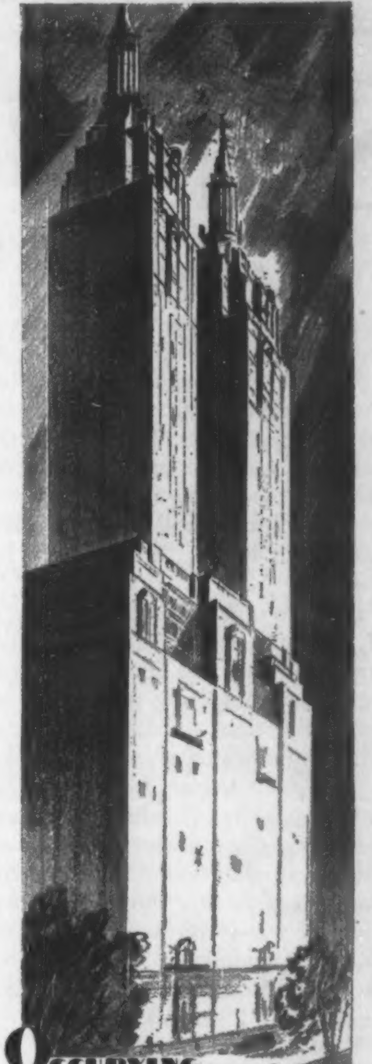

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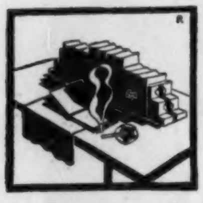


SOON after completing the last chapter of "Grandeur and Misery of Victory," Georges Clemenceau died and was swept to the French equivalent of Valhalla. His book is the last roar of the Tiger; the last desperate thrust in his duel—which was literally to the death—with his departed antagonist, Marshal Foch. It is a shocking picture that this book presents, with its bitter battle between two old men and its horrid revelations of the ugly side of wartime statecraft. M. Clemenceau, in addition to giving merry hell to the late French High Command, blows the lid off the war illusion.

Here, to understand him rightly, are M. Clemenceau's major premises: France as a nation, divorced from her sometimes blundering individuals, was supremely right. M. Clemenceau's patriotism is primitive and fiery: ***Allons, enfants de la patrie!*** Germany was—and is—a lying, bloodthirsty monster, as menacing and as destructive now as in the war oratory of 1914. England, a converted enemy, was a weak friend. America was—and is—grasping, selfish, and calculating. There you have the drama that destroyed the peace of mind of the Tiger in his old age.

Enraged by these conflicting motives, and enraged at what he considered compromising treachery on the part of Marshal Foch, M. Clemenceau, telling the truth as he saw it, gives brutal pictures of the individuals who bartered in blood and death during those terrible four years, and who in the years of alleged peace played office-boy politics in the councils of Europe. All the pretty reputations, so carefully built up by propaganda, are smashed to pieces by the angry Tiger.

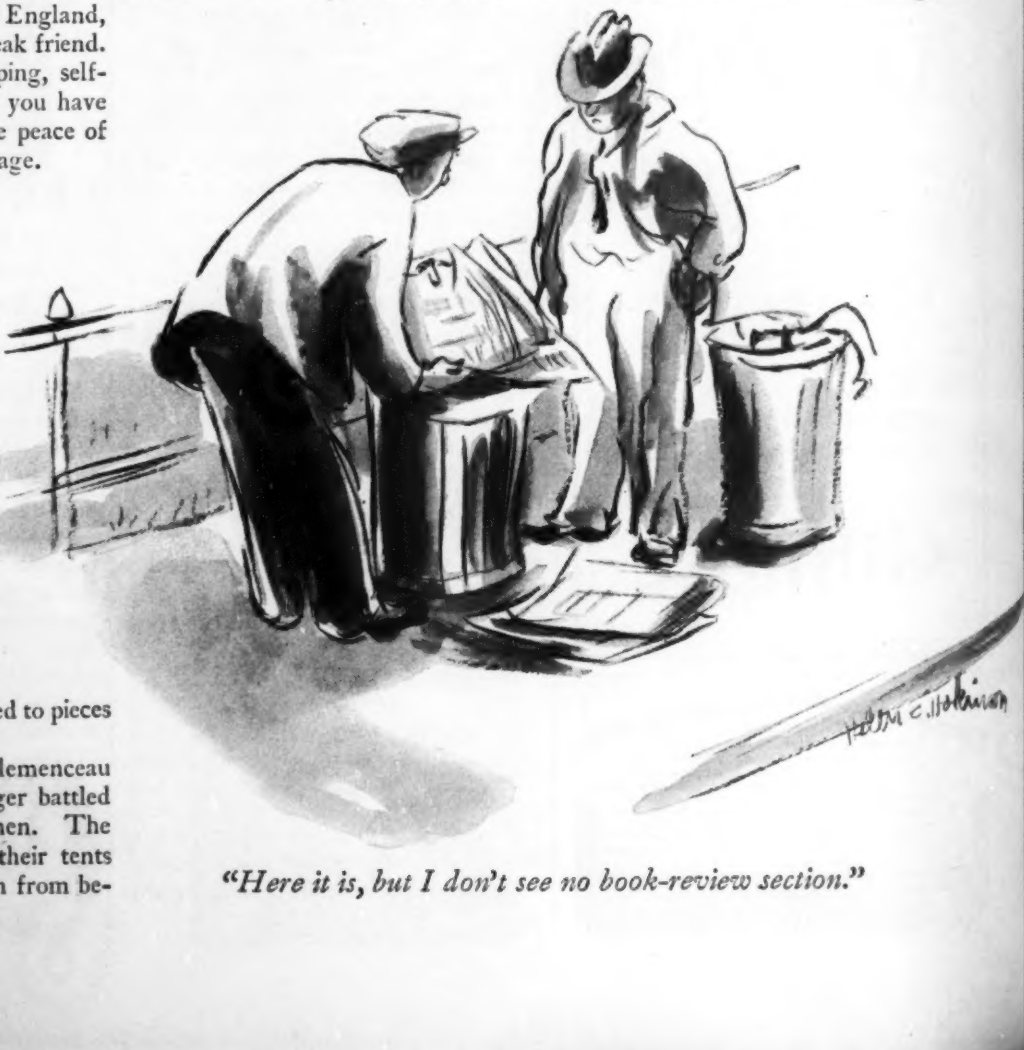
What spectacles M. Clemenceau presents! Foch and the Tiger battled like two strange washerwomen. The English generals sulked in their tents incapable of saving their men from being tossed to destruction. General Pershing, haughty and tight-lipped, comes in for some lashings because he insisted that American soldiers must go to battle under orders from their own officers and fighting under their own flag, instead of filling the thin French ranks. Clemenceau did not mean to be flattering to Pershing; to him the General represented American heartlessness. Yet, in the mess of broken reputations, Pershing stands out as a heroic patriot.

As for the battle of peace, Clemenceau cries for the Rhineland piteously and storms at the falsity and injustice of the treaty that robbed France of the full glory of her triumph. The hatred of the dying man for his enemies and his implacable enmity for Foch will make you shudder. He undermines the triumph of poor Foch's tour of this country with the vindictiveness of a prima donna criticising the début of a rival.

The book, with its venomous italics, its explosive capital letters, its hatred, and its prejudices, is an authentic document. It is history, sordid, mean, and cruel, but true to its point of view. Back of all its ferocity are character, patriotism, and tremendous conviction and singleness of purpose. Back of it, in fact, is war. No pacifist, not even George Bernard Shaw, could create such a menacing character, such a belligerent spirit as Clemenceau has drawn in his own formidable self-portrait.

MISS MURIEL HARRIS, winner of an English prize-novel contest, had a rarely amusing idea to offer the judges. In "The Seventh Gate," she tells the story of a psychoanalytical Trilby. Her Miss Catherine Troon is an insignificant spinster who takes the rather casual writings of a psychoanalyst seriously. Miss Troon discovers that by sublimating her repressed sex instincts she can become a great and important person. Under the reluctant guidance of her modern Svengali, Miss Troon, too, becomes a singer; and, like Trilby, she dies when the spell is broken. When sex is presented to her as a possibility, Miss Troon dies of faulty sublimations.

The book is often amusing, tire-



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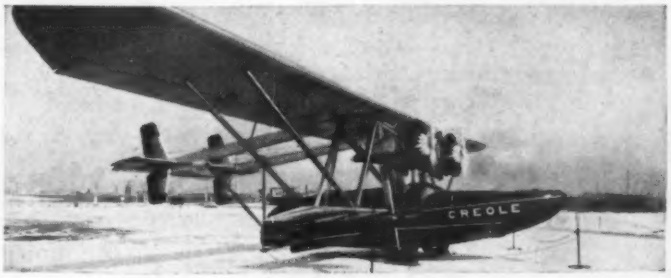

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Sikorsky Amphibions are proving themselves excellent investments in the service of business and industrial firms, transport lines and individuals. In a folder recently issued there are some rather interesting facts concerning the essential advantages of the "S-38." May we send you a copy?

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some in stretches, but at all times it is sustained by the originality of its theme. In the story of Miss Troon's death and the events leading thereto, Miss Harris does some distinctive and imaginative writing.

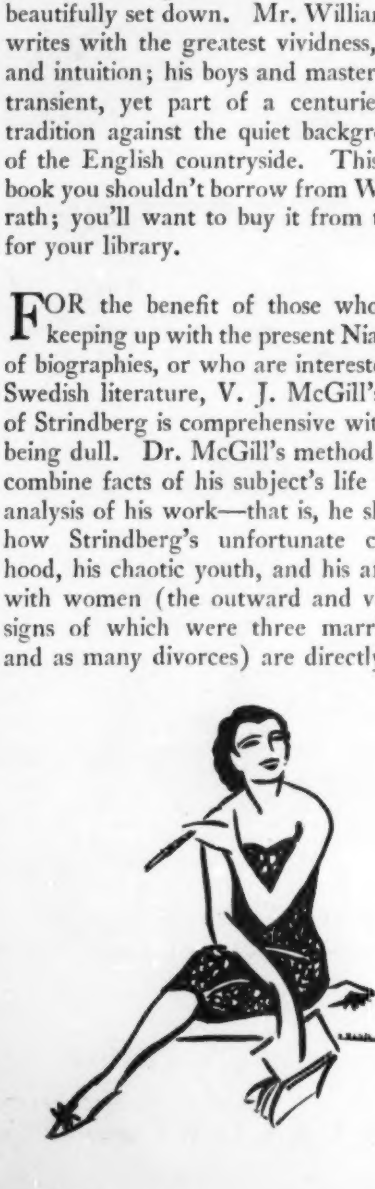
THOSE books which would guide us on our troubled way continue to multiply. The latest person to volunteer help for our amorous dissatisfactions is Floyd Dell, who finds that the world needs a new basis of love and marriage. "Love in the Machine Age" is written with great enthusiasm. Mr. Dell finds that, with the breaking up of the patriarchal family, something should be done to adjust sex to modern difficulties. Like most other writers who start with the same noble aim, Mr. Dell becomes considerably involved with descriptions of courtship merrymakings of savage tribes. Your modern sex specialist is convinced, for some obscure reason, that life on the Upper West Side, let us say, would be much happier if the boys and girls would take a few tips from the Samoans. Mr. Dell's book is a potpourri of much sex discussion and ranges from a consideration of the *hetæræ* of Greece to Dr. John Watson's "don't hug the baby" campaign. It is written with gusto, however, and it isn't too solemn.

"Yourself, Inc.," by Adolph Elwyn, will have a fascination for those who are eternally interested in what happens to the air when it gets into their lungs. It is one of those amusing, authoritative, and modern books, filled with scientific information so ingratiatingly presented that it would not frighten the most timid, in spite of the traditional skinned man of medical books that decorates its cover.—A. W. S.

"Dandelion Days," by Henry Williamson, is the best proof we have seen in a long time that a first-rate novel need not necessarily deal with any of Life's Larger Issues. A story of schoolboy life in rural England, it has nothing to say about war, death, man's struggle to earn a living, or passion—unless you count a solitary and rather calf-like episode in the life of the hero. Willie Maddison and the other boys at Colham School (founded 1562) relieve the monotony of academic life by playing devilish tricks on the masters, sometimes physical, such as blowing dried peas through a tin tube, and occasionally of a more intellectual nature, as when an entire class, having been asked to write a letter to the newspapers, concentrates on the subject of the cuckoo. Canings and other penalties never completely down the excess of spirits which prompts these misdemeanors, and probably the masters, whom the author portrays as humanly as their little charges, would be disappointed if they did.

Mr. Williamson's book, however, is not wholly concerned with the classroom. Willie and his friend Jack are great nature-lovers; they spend long afternoons roaming about the country, and they know a great deal about the birds, the bees, and the flowers in an inoffensive un-Boy-Scoutish way. An unusually sensitive feeling for natural beauty runs through the book; descriptions are unaffected and memorable. When it comes to people, Mr. Williamson is just as successful: Willie's friendship with Jack, his relationship with his matter-of-fact father, his impersonal, impertinent, but not unkind, attitude toward his schoolmasters, his unrequited affection for a girl who can't understand his imaginative nature, are all beautifully set down. Mr. Williamson writes with the greatest vividness, wit, and intuition; his boys and masters are transient, yet part of a centuries-old tradition against the quiet background of the English countryside. This is a book you shouldn't borrow from Womrath; you'll want to buy it from them for your library.

FOR the benefit of those who are keeping up with the present Niagara of biographies, or who are interested in Swedish literature, V. J. McGill's life of Strindberg is comprehensive without being dull. Dr. McGill's method is to combine facts of his subject's life with analysis of his work—that is, he shows how Strindberg's unfortunate childhood, his chaotic youth, and his affairs with women (the outward and visible signs of which were three marriages and as many divorces) are directly reflected in his writings. The son of a servant, powerful, brilliant, half-insane, Strindberg wrote fifty-six plays, nine novels, as well as any number of poems, historical articles, and scientific treatises, without ever attaining personal peace for more than a few minutes at a time. Short of reading the fifty-six plays, nine novels, and so on, I cannot think of any better way of learning about him than through this book.



Working our way south from the land of the Vikings and back three hundred years, we come to the England of Charles I in Robert P. Tristram Coffin's somewhat pedantic biography of William Laud, the tailor's son who became Archbishop of Canterbury; while the same period in Spain is mirrored in "Lope De Vega: Monster of Nature," by Angel Flores. Lope De Vega, in case you don't remember, was the versatile fellow who wrote twenty-two hundred plays and seduced almost as many women.

Which reminds us that a little book appeared recently entitled "Seductio ad Absurdum," by Emily Hahn. It's a beginner's handbook in "the principles and practices of seduction" which isn't quite as funny as it might have been.

TO come back to biography, "Simon Bolivar," by Hildegarde Angell, is an intelligently written first-hand-material sort of book about the George Washington of South America. Bolivar was a mighty warrior and campaigner, but, like Napoleon, he was very fond of perfume and spent large sums of money (not his own) on eau de Cologne. "A Son of China," by Sheng-Cheng, brings us into the autobiographical field. Member of an old Chinese family, Mr. Sheng gives an appealing picture of his country by portraying various relatives and showing incidents of everyday life. Particularly amusing is the account of a Chinese wedding. After the ceremony bride and groom start from opposite ends of the room and crawl forward on their knees until they meet in the centre. Then, reversing their points of departure, they do it all over again. This symbolizes the equality of the sexes, and after it's finished the woman is free to spend the rest of her life serving the men in the family.

"Six Horses," by Captain William Banning and George Hugh Banning, is a history of Western stagecoaching, which flourished between the Gold Rush of 1849 and the coming of the railroad in the sixties, that will make you glad that the railroad came. "Seven Horizons," by Charles J. Finger, is an autobiographical travel book that takes you from Mayfair to Patagonia and is interesting not only for its places and people but for the author's vigorous comment and philosophic digressions. "Mogreb-el-Acksa," the account of R. B. Cunninghame Graham's adventures in Morocco, is the kind of thing to give to friends about to sail for Morocco, while you can send Louis Untermeyer's "Blue Rhine, Black Forest" to more prosaic travellers bound for Germany. Mr. Untermeyer reveals a touching affection for asparagus, tells some local legends that are not to be found in Baedeker, and does his best to confuse the reader with several maps that are all his own. —G. H.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Dandelion Days, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Unusually fine novel of schoolboy life in rural England. Written with charm and humor.

The Seventh Gate, by Muriel Harris (*Harper*). A novel with an amusing and original idea: the story of a psychoanalytical Trilby.

Gallows' Orchard, by Claire Spencer (*Cape & Smith*). A distinguished first novel that deserves your attention—beautifully told tragedy of Scottish village life.

Bystander, by Maxim Gorki, translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney (*Cape & Smith*). A novel of the revolution of the individual soul that will probably rank with the best of Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Sex in a country club, and another good reason why women go wrong.

King Haber, by Alfred Neumann (*King*). Three excellent short stories. "Schoolmaster Taussig" is particularly good.

Huntsman in the Sky, by Granville Toogood (*Brewer & Warren*). The struggle of a creative artist against Philadelphia society.

The Fool's Parade, by John W. Vandercook (*Harper*). Splendid and terrible stories of Africa.

The Kramer Girls, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Family life in a small town in Iowa, recorded with feeling.

The Company, by Edwin Seaver (*Macmillan*). Satiric and sympathetic sketches of the cogs in a Big Business machine.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

Bottom Dogs, by Edward Dahlberg (*Simon & Schuster*). The story of the son of a lady barber, with some fine realistic writing.

Vile Bodies, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). Old Testament stories interpreted by a Negro preacher. To be read after seeing "The Green Pastures."

Eroica, by Samuel Chotzinoff (*Simon & Schuster*). Pleasantly romantic novel based on the life of Beethoven—and, incidentally, good biography.

The Man Who Lost Himself, by Osbert Sitwell (*Coward-McCann*). The tragedy of a poet, told in brilliant, imaginative style.

Down in the Valley, by H. W. Freeman (*Henry Holt*). Ingratiating and charming novel of English country life.

Pending Heaven, by William Gerhardi (*Harper*). Smart satire on Free Love and Bohemianism.

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

MYSTERIES

The House of the Vanishing Goblets, by The Eddingtons (*Century*). . . . **The Avenging Parrot**, by Anne Austin (*Greenberg*). . . . **The Door**, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . **Streets of Shadow**, by Leslie McFarlane (*Dutton*). . . . **The Avenging Ikon**, by Charles Barry (*Dutton*). . . . **Seven Suspects**, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements (*Appleton*). . . . **The Master of the Day of Judgment**, by Leo Perutz (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). . . . **Murder on the Marsh**, by John Ferguson (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . **Author Unknown**, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*).

GENERAL

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau (*Harcourt, Brace*). The last roar of the dead Tiger and an astonishing and brutal picture of the cruelty of war statecraft.

Love in the Machine Age, by Floyd Dell (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Which proves again that something should be done about sex.

Yourself, Inc., by Adolph Elwyn (*Brentano*). A doctor—for a change—looks at the human body. Amusing and informative scientific writing.

August Strindberg: The Bedeviled Viking, by V. J. McGill (*Brentano*). Comprehensive critical biography of the great Swedish playwright.

Seven Horizons, by Charles J. Finger (*Doubleday, Doran*). Autobiographical travel book interesting for the author's opinionated observations as well as for its persons and places.

Five Generations, by Margaret Armstrong (*Harper*). The letters and diaries of an American family entertainingly presented.

Liquor, Loot and Ladies, by Chester T. Crowell (*Knopf*). Lively exposé of the

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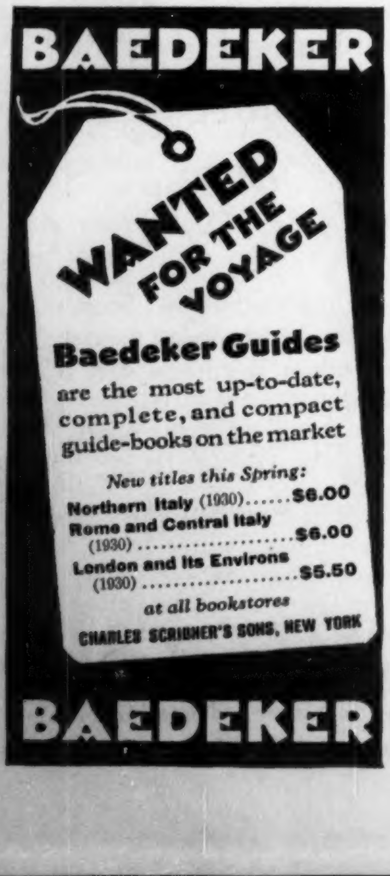
BLEACH CREME



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dubious activities of a political boss by one who has been behind the scenes.

YOUTH IN REVOLT, by Shmarya Levin (*Harcourt, Brace*). Vivid autobiographical account of Jewish life in Russia. Well written.

ARROGANCE: THE CONQUEST OF XERXES, by Louis Couperus (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A great era recreated by a remarkable stylist.

THROUGH BLOOD AND ICE, by Ferenc Imrey and Lewis Stanton Palen (*Dutton*). An Hungarian artist writes without reticence of his war experiences on the eastern front. Gory but detached.

BYRON, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). The romantic story of the limping angel. The wisest and wittiest of current biographies.

"ORDERLY!," by M. R. Werner (*Cape & Smith*). Life in a base hospital, told for those who enjoy their operations.

MY REMINISCENCES AS A COWBOY, by Frank Harris (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). A glimpse into Mr. Harris' unsuspected past.

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY, by Michael Gold (*Liveright*). Authentic story of New York's East Side. Written with restraint.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, by Karl Tschuppik (*Brentano*). Emperor Franz Joseph's unhappy wife sympathetically and intelligently portrayed.

A GENTLEMAN REBEL, by John Hyde Preston (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Mad Anthony Wayne rescued from mustiness.

MATA HARI: COURTESAN AND SPY, by Major Thomas Coulson (*Harper*). An English officer writes without sentimentality about the notorious woman spy.

THE CRUSADES, by Harold Lamb (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a gorgeous adventure told with fine color and spirit.

COLUMBUS: DON QUIXOTE OF THE SEAS, by Jacob Wassermann (*Little, Brown*). Superior biography interesting both for its point of view and for its sharp light on an obscure and tragic character.

LOBAGOLA, (*Knopf*). The life story of an African savage which, true or not, is good reading.

YEAR IN, YOU'RE OUT, by Samuel Hoffenstein (*Liveright*). You should read it yet.

CANFIELD, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the year's books.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

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ANAGRAM RHYMES~VI

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 40]

I.—Cites or since, incest, ancients, instances or incessant.

II.—Rose, roves, lovers, revolts, coverlets.

III.—Claret, treacle, bracelet, celebrate.

IV.—Said, raids, rapids, diapers, paradise.

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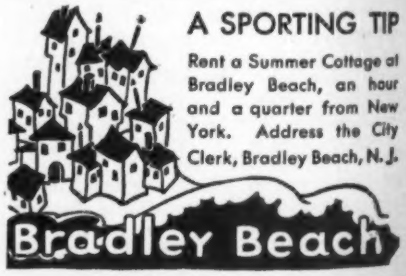

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Phoenix—Whoopee and Lady Mildred — The Bookies' Black Friday

IN the old days, when Durland's held forth in the rambling, many-entranced brownstone pile in Sixty-sixth Street, a spade was a spade as far as horse shows went. Almost before entering the doors, the compounded juicy aroma of tanbark, rubber matting, not-so-clean horses, and cut-plug tobacco would have told anyone but a Martian what went on. As a sop to Beauty, a few draggled strips of white and purple bunting depended from the rafters, while the air pulsated with the trampling of horses on the long steep gangways. Judging from the noise, at least a herd of elephants might have been approaching, and somehow the rumbling never lessened or died away.

This brownstone pile, alone among its brothers, went up in the world instead of down. It was bought by the Riding Club and renovated past all recognition: we thought we were in the wrong place when we attended the recent spring show there. Brownstone has given way to yellow brick; within, the somewhat Jacobean foyer gives no hint of a horse show anywhere about. It comes as a distinct shock to have a horse silently, almost it seems bodilessly, flit past you on the other side of a glass partition. To a hardened railbird, accustomed to clods of tanbark in the eye, it all seemed a bit effete.

THE judging was most orthodox at this annual members' event and, as sometimes follows, very good. Mr. H. Marcellus Gallop won both the large and small saddle classes with his two nice chestnuts, Whoopee and Lady Mildred, the latter a mare that can face stiffer competition than this local affair offered. Dr. Tenney won second prize on Chérie; while Miss Elizabeth Gair took the other red ribbon with My Laddie, and then won the side-saddle class, although My Laddie, as a result of all the excitement, had a slight case of the jitters.

The jumping horses refused to be awed by their surroundings and acted like bulls in a particularly fine china shop, running out, knocking down fences, generally disconcerting their riders and the well-bred gallery. The little stump-tailed cob, Personality Plus, was the exception, going clean in both classes, though in the one for hunters his somewhat rugged physique kept him from winning. In the touch-and-go, however, where performance alone counted, he had no close competitors. Mrs. Robert Chambers' two horses, good outdoor hunters both, refused to have anything to do with the first fence, and she rode up and down to it many times, finally getting over "with a fall." Little Adelaide Moffat was the star of the evening, riding winners and several placed horses. It seemed to us that putting the jumps so far away from the wall, apparently to facilitate the spectators' view, was an added handicap, over and above the canned music, poor light, and the general excitement that besets horses indoors.

Mr. Robert Granniss had the well-deserved pleasure of winning the John R. Townsend Cup for champion polo pony, outright, having already won two legs on it in past years. His Juan is the nicest show pony we ever saw, and he probably plays well too. He looks like a lightweight hunter and a good one; he is as handy and as smooth as a machine; and he possesses great dignity at all moments, a quality usually denied the excitable and bouncing winners in polo classes.

WELL, the Grand National is again a thing of the past. This year it produced the unusual spectacle of well-played horses finishing in the first three places, which made it Black Friday for the bookies, grown overbold from years of the downfall of all the favorites and the success of long shots. Jock Whitney seems to have as much bad luck in the Grand National as Lord Derby does in his namesake classic; they always have a good horse running and doing his level best, but there is always a faster or a luckier one to poke his nose home first.

Nevertheless it is something for Whitney to have been second last year with the hoodooed Easter Hero, and third this year with Sir Lindsay, who is apparently such an honest, unromantic horse that he doesn't even rate an alibi. The bitterest experience must have been to own gallant little Melleray's Belle and see Shaun Goilin beat her by a short neck. The horse that comes as close as that to winning a Grand National is every bit as good as the first horse in heart, stamina, and jumping ability—in everything except that last tiny ounce of speed that is inborn in one and not in another. Yet the second horse gets his name on no roll of honor, is never entered on the archives of the great.

IT is a bit disconcerting to students of blood lines to note that neither of the first two horses was fashionably bred. Quite a few aspersions are being cast on Shaun Goilin's parents, and Melleray, the mare's sire, is a lightly esteemed horse that commands a mere ten-guinea fee in Ireland. Pedigree or no, however, their origin is beyond doubt Irish, and they add two more names to the long list which has dominated the English turf so conspicuously in the past year. The climate, the grass, the water, the bone-producing lime, above all the way two-year-old racing is frowned upon, fit these Irish horses ideally for such long, trying races as the Cesarewitch, St. Leger, and Grand National.

Let no one think he can go to Ireland and pick up a world-beating horse for nothing. The veriest yokel at a country fair there knows the value, in actual worth as well as in glamour, of his "Irish hunter." You can buy one in the rough there for ten guineas, mane and tail dragging the ground, coat matted and snarled with mud and burrs—"and him by Dark Ronald himself sure, and a very great pity the papers is in the hands of a man will be back this time next month." When you get the prodigy home, and clip him and clean him, you are ashamed of the pitiless exposition you have made of his countless scars and unsoundnesses; and about that time the dope will wear off and he will either be on three legs, or else kicking your head off. There are good horses in Ireland, but be prepared to pay for them.

FROM all signs, the novice classes at Brooklyn seem to be drawing more new, fresh, and highly touted horses than they have in some time. Everyone you meet or read about has one. "Greatest thing in five years—experts all say so—spring him at Brooklyn." When about ten of these get into the ring at once, it makes a real show—but Heaven help the judge.

—TOUCH AND GO

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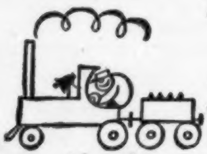
Flying Boat to Rio — Cherry Blossoms in Washington — Last Look South



THE newest way to visit South America is to sail down in a mammoth flying boat that skims smoothly above one of the loveliest coastlines in the world and finally deposits you, unshaken and serene, in Rio or Buenos Aires. You can do this on the NYRBA (New York, Rio & Buenos Aires) Line, which is now running a de luxe passenger service weekly between Manhattan and more than thirty tropical and semi-tropical cities. Soaring evenly fifty feet above the water, putting the scenery in proper perspective, the high-powered Commodore, pride of the NYRBA fleet, will carry you to Buenos Aires in ten days at a cost of $895. (Add $65.10 for railway fare from New York. Total cost, New York to Buenos Aires, $960.10.) If you allow yourself a three-week vacation, it is possible to make a round trip from Miami for $1,710, including all the hotel accommodations en route.

Such a voyage also offers the quintessence of modern luxury in air travel. The Commodore-type ships, with room for twenty passengers, are equipped with every comfort that the most fastidious might require. Moreover, you go to Miami, where you board the plane, on the New York-Florida Express, through special arrangement between the Seaboard Railway and the air line.

Among the countries and islands you touch during the trip are Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Trinidad, Venezuela, British and Dutch Guiana, Brazil, Uruguay, and, of course, Argentina. Should you care to proceed from Buenos Aires across the Andes to Chile, the air line will take you to Santiago at an additional rate of $165. If you only go as far as Rio de Janeiro, your expenses will be $720, or a total of $1,368 for a round trip.

Telephone Lexington 1611 for reservations.

IF the lure of Latin countries has to be resisted for the time being, you may be interested in a short tour which the travel department of the American Express Company has arranged to Virginia Beach by way of Washington. This will take you six days and the cost is only $64. Depending on when you get started, you might see the capital in the middle of its cherry-blossom season, when the pink buds of several score cherry trees make Potomac Park a driveway of delicate beauty. You might even glimpse the Japanese Ambassador strolling under the cherry trees, as he does every year. However, I can't promise you ambassadors.

At any rate, you really would like Washington in the spring. Why not call up an old friend who has been urging you to visit him for years, and tell him you are coming down to spend a few days? If he appears only semi-cordial, remember that the city has lots of excellent hotels—the Mayflower, the Carlton, the Willard, the Hay-Adams, the LaFayette—any number. A quiet, splendidly managed place is the little Hotel Grafton in Connecticut Avenue, whose proprietor, Harrington Mills, also owns the celebrated Saranac Inn in the Adirondacks. If you know Washington, *I need not emphasize its decided* fascination at this time of year. If you don't know it, I need only add that being there now is like being in the country with all the advantages of city life. Washington has first-rate clubs, interesting and cultivated society, good shops, and the advantage of nearly all outdoor sports, including some of the best riding to be found in this part of the country.

ON the other hand, if you would rather remain at Virginia Beach, omitting Washington from your schedule, you may (at a cost of $43) make a four-day tour to that resort. The Old Dominion Line runs a boat to Norfolk and you are transferred to the Beach by bus, a mere matter of a half-hour. If you take an interest in history, you will enjoy the sail through the quiet waters of Hampton Roads, the scene during the Civil War of the engagement between the Union Monitor and the Confederate Merrimac. I have always wondered why travel folders dealing with Virginia fail to enlarge on Civil War battles. One reads pages about "the romantic Virginia of Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, and Pocahontas," but not enough about the equally romantic Virginia of Lee and Jackson.

At Virginia Beach, you will naturally want to stay at the Cavalier, which this department has mentioned on previous occasions. Its exceptionally good cuisine, however, may well be spoken of again. Gourmets of the Brillat-Savarin pattern might describe it as French with a Southern flavor. You can get all the Lynnhaven oysters, Princess Anne turkey, and Smithfield ham you can eat, but if you prefer *poulet sauté à la Toulousaine* or *caneton Nantais aux petits pois au lard*, you won't baffle the chef. You should try a real Southern breakfast some time, with batter biscuits, spoon bread, honey, fried ham, and waffles. It makes me hungry to write about it.

Indeed, most of the Mid-South resorts would seem to be gradually developing a semi-French, semi-Southern mode of cooking which is highly pleasing to epicurean palates. In this connection, I must remind you that the once far-famed Chamberlin at Old Point Comfort has been replaced by a new hotel—the Chamberlin-Vanderbilt—which aspires to the same distinction as its predecessor. It is easily reached by direct ferry service from the Old Dominion Line pier.

SPEAKING of Southern seaports, Charleston is a decidedly acceptable spot for those who like to spend Easter amid agreeable surroundings. There you will see traces of that quaintness and charm associated with traditions of the old South. You will find an up-to-date Chamber of Commerce, but ancient, rambling streets and a sleepy atmosphere that will make you yawn with satisfaction. Quavering darkies of "The Green Pastures" type, magnolia blossoms, azaleas, ancestral homes, moldering Colonial churches, moss-hung oaks, plantation melodies, and moonlight—all these things can be found there. Charleston is only a short distance from Camden, and you can motor to Aiken or Asheville if you want more modern forms of relaxation. It might be observed that Camden has acquired added attraction for lovers of flying since its new airport has just been completed. Eighteen average-size planes can be accommodated in the hangar. —G. A.

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At just past 16, Winnie Skinner is little more than a child, undeveloped, unsophisticated, inexperienced, totally unfit to understand the overwhelming love that consumes her for the first violinist at the hotel where she spends a short vacation.—*Book review in the Times.*

The first violinist that came along, probably.

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The circulation gain of The New York Telegram, over last year, exceeds the total gain of all the other New York evening newspapers combined.

Above is based on Government statements recently published by all New York newspapers for period ending March 31st, 1930, as compared with corresponding period ending March 31st, 1929.